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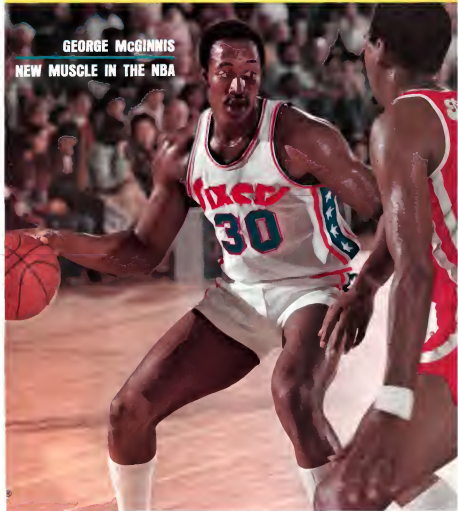
Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 27, 1975

75 CENTS

GEORGE MCGINNIS

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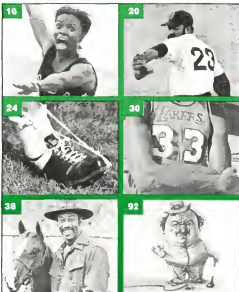
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FOOTBALL FEVER rages as the baseball season slogs to a close. John Underwood is on hand to see if undefeated USC and red-hot Running Back Ricky Bell can ice archival Notre Dame.

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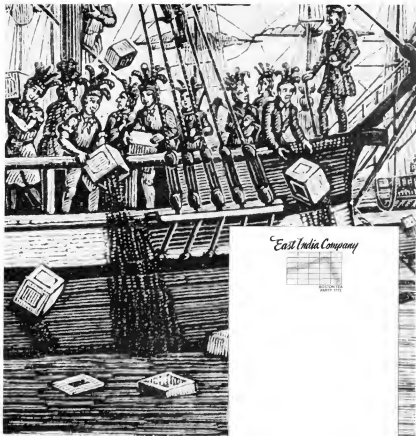
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ART TALK

by MARY LOUI KELLEY

HOLLYWOOD PAINTED SHARKS ONE WAY AND JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY ANOTHER

Nearly 200 years before *Jaws*, John Singleton Copley created a sensation with his painting *Harrison and the Shark*. No artist before him had dared to depict a recent event with such you-are-there intensity.

A native American, Copley (1778-1815) was the most sought-after portrait painter in the Colonies, but Colonial America cared little for what he considered the highest form of art, the kind of grand historical scene that expatriate artist Benjamin West was successfully producing in London. In his letters West kept urging Copley to forsake provincial Boston for London, which would surely appreciate the full measure of his talent. In 1774 Copley did.

There he met Brook Watson, a British merchant and politician who hobbled around on a wooden leg. Thereby hung a tale that stirred Copley's imagination. The artist was enthralled as Watson recounted the loss of his right leg—and almost his life—to a shark.

The incident occurred in 1749. Then a lad of 14, Watson was swimming in Havana Harbor when a shark attacked, stripping flesh from Watson's leg as a group of seamen in a nearby boat watched. The shark circled and struck again, this time biting off his foot. Two of the sailors tried to rescue Watson as the fish was making its third charge. Another managed to drive away the shark with a boathook.

Copley accepted the merchant's commission to re-enact the scene as his brush with death. The artist had never visited Cuba, so he patterned his backdrop of Havana on an engraving done by another artist. His chalk studies of the figures involved show that he worked on facial expression and body movement. In his finished painting, he pictured the moment when Watson's life hung in the balance. Only touches of pink in the gray sky and the muted turquoise of the sea relieve a stark neutral color scheme. He organized the composition with effective simplicity. Watson's long, flowing hair emphasizes his helplessness, his closeness to death. The powerful thrust of the boathook and the shark's gaping jaws produce a dynamic effect. Theatrical light falls on the figures of Watson, his rescuers in their craft and the shark.

In the Royal Academy exhibition of 1778, *Harrison and the Shark* triumphed. The *Morning Chronicle* called it "one of the most striking pictures in the Great Room." Sir James's *Cosmopolitan* hailed Copley as "a Genius, who bids fair to rival the Great Masters of the Ancient Italian Schools." The authenticity of the shark became the subject of debate. In truth, it was a composite of several species. Art historians believe Copley may have modeled the jaws after a set preserved in a museum.

Watson's ordeal so intrigued the artist that he duplicated the picture for himself. Now in the permanent collection of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Copley's own version is the nucleus of a special exhibition continuing through Oct. 31. In this compelling scene, the expatriate American anticipated the Romantic Movement in painting that culminated with the works of Turner. **END**



THE COPLEY CANVAS IS BASED ON FACT; 'JAWS' IS PURE FICTION

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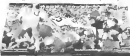
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Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, Calif. © 1975

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

SELLING YOURSELF

Baseball was bitterly criticized for letting it rain last Saturday and Sunday, thus depriving thousands of people in Boston and millions more around the country from watching the World Series during choice weekend viewing time. That's not a joke, son. When baseball lets TV down—whether by its own fault or by an act of God—it's in trouble. Television is where the money is, and baseball has been turning itself inside out to satisfy the demands of the tube. When it fails—well, the networks promise everything and then cancel shows at the drop of a hat, don't they, baby?

Baseball created the pennant playoffs, which drastically reduce the excitement of the pennant races, with TV in mind; it changed the traditional Wednesday opening of the World Series to Saturday; it switched midweek games from afternoon to night; it began the final game of this year's Boston-Oakland playoffs at 5 p.m., a terrible time to start a game. These changes were made for one reason: TV said they would make for bigger ratings, which means more money.

But they meant, too, that baseball was putting itself more and more at the mercy of TV. "What else you want us to do, fellas?" you can hear Bowie Kuhn asking eagerly. Yet baseball is a unique sport in which change is resented and only begrudgingly accepted. Its slightly cranky, old-fashioned ways have a strong appeal, which may explain why nostalgia is so big in baseball. How many oldtimers' games do you see in football or basketball?

Baseball ought to be itself. It becomes cheap and embarrassing when it fawns before TV. It ought to remember that for 100 years it has been a terrific show but unpredictable; you can't put a Don Larsen no-hitter or a Bobby Thomson home run or a Roberto Clemente spectacular into a TV listing. Things like that can't be created by six writers, a director and voluble announcers. They happen. On a ball field. If TV is smart, it will be there

when they happen, even if it's a cloudy Tuesday afternoon instead of prime time. And if TV is not there, that's the tube's hard luck. The game will still go on.

WE HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE

Fears that the world of sport is slowly, or perhaps not so slowly, disappearing into a vast commercial sewer are heightened by the arrival of the U.S. Basketball Association, an East Coast venture. A communiqué from the new pro basketball league says bluntly, "Our main interest lies in selling advertising and getting people to watch our games exclusively on CATV." In other words, the USBA exists only as a sales medium. There is obviously no intention to present it as competition to the NBA or ABA, and the game itself—basketball, isn't it?—is incidental.

The logical progression, then, is for local newspapers to send business reporters to cover the sales figures and TV critics to appraise the show as it appears on cable television. No need to bother the sports staff at all.

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

"Isn't this an unusual way to sell tickets?" wrote our correspondent, who enclosed an advertisement for the National Hockey League's Washington Capitals, winners of eight games last year while losing 67 and tying five. The Caps' advertising approach is indeed unusual—and forthright, to say the least. "For as little as \$4 a ticket," the ad says, "the least you'll feel is reasonably disappointed. And the most you'll feel is ecstatic, unadulterated, complete and total euphoria. Last year, everybody frequently expected the Capitals to lose. And we did lose. Frequently. But there were those nights, albeit few and far between, when we *didn't* lose. When we won. And when we win, you'd better be wearing a hat. Because the shouting and the screaming and the cheering just about blows the roof off of the Capital Centre.

"We're going to win a lot more games this year than we won last year. It would be hard not to. And for as little as \$4 a seat, we're more than worth the money. Because we'll either let you down a little. Or bring you up more than you ever thought possible. When we win, it's like heaven."

How could you possibly not love a team like that?

LET THE FEATHERS FLY

People who were upset by *The Game of Animals* are liable to be furious at Harris H. Mullen, publisher of *Florida Trend*, a magazine about business in the Sunshine State. Noting that cockfighting exists *in* *in* *in* his area and that a bill to legalize it got all the way to Gov. Reubin Askew's



office before it was shut down, Mullen suggested that if it ever did become legal he might promote a big cockfight in Ybor City, the old Spanish section of Tampa, where the sport entertained the cigar workers 75 years ago. Properly promoted, he claims, it would draw crowds of up to 25,000 and be a smash on closed-circuit TV.

"First thing we need to find," he says, "is some fighting cocks, or at least some cocks that will fight, and frankly I don't know whether there is a difference. You don't have to teach a dog to fight, but some dogs fight better than others, and I guess this is true of cocks. . . .

"Unlike dogs, chickens are raised to
continued

end up rather promptly on the dinner table. Now I have asked myself this question: If I were a chicken would I rather die in glory on the battlefield or have my neck wrung? I would choose the former. Someone once said, "It's better to live one hour as a lion than 100 years as a mouse," we could translate that as, "It's better to live five minutes as a fighting cock than a lifetime as a chicken." "

Mullen's proposal recalls a story about Joe Palmer, the old racing writer, who after watching a series of boxing matches at Saratoga one evening suggested that cockfights be put on instead. One of his listeners objected strenuously, and Palmer asked why. "Because cockfighting is inhuman," the protester argued.

"Yes," Palmer said, "and those fights we saw tonight, they were unchicken."

THAT'S SHOW BIZ

The marquee on the multitheater movie house next to the Philadelphia Bell office in West Philadelphia seemed to fit the plight of the World Football League. Featured on the day the shaky WFL announced it would continue to play despite bleak attendance figures were these flicks: *S.O.S.*, *Forecell*, *My Lovely and Brother*, *Can You Spare A Dime?*

FALSE NOTION

A mistaken wire-service report from Europe sent America's Olympic hopefuls into mild panic last week. Supposedly, the International Amateur Athletic Federation had ruled that in the Olympics only two entrants per track and field event would be allowed from each country instead of the traditional three. That is, two 100-meter men, two shotputters, two polevaulers, and so on. Casual fans wondered what the fuss was about: if we can have only two people in an event, we lose a few bronze medals for third place, that's all.

Not so, says track expert Jim Donaway, who did a quick survey of the effect such a ruling would have had on third-place finishers in our Olympic Trials (the people who would not have gone to the Games if entries had been limited to two) for the past five Olympics. Those who would not have gold medals, because they would not have had the chance to compete for them, are: Charlie Jenkins (400 meters) and Hal Connolly (hammer throw), 1956; Otis Davis (400 meters) and Bill Nieder (shotput), 1960; Henry Carr (200 meters), 1964; Dick

Fosbury (high jump), Randy Matson (shotput) and Al Oerter (a fourth straight victory in the discus), 1968; Vince Matthews (400 meters) and Rod Milburn (high hurdles), 1972.

Although the report was a false alarm, the idea had been suggested before, because the International Olympic Committee wants the number of athletes in the Games cut down. Yet there is a rule that permits every one of the 133 Olympic countries to have at least one entrant in each event, whether or not the athlete has met the Olympic qualifying standard. This effort to make the Olympics as international as possible is laudable, but not if the trend in that direction dilutes the Games from the highest level of athletic excellence to something approaching a pageant. Any rule change that would deprive a significant number of fine athletes—from the U.S., the Soviet Union, the Germans, Africa, anywhere—of a chance at an Olympic medal can only be a change for the worse.

INFLATION, DEFLATION

Minnesota, land of 10,000 lakes, has had that rhythmic phrase as an auto-license slogan for years. But in an economy move, it was decided to delete the slogan from new plates, beginning in 1977. The public, proud of its lakes, protested, and the state agreed to reinstate the slogan. Then it was decided to improve it. A 1968 survey had found that there were actually about 15,000 lakes in Minnesota, so the new slogan was to be "Land of 15,000 Lakes." Before that shaky scansion could be put in the works, someone pointed out that a more recent check had revealed that 3,000 of the state's lakes were now dry, so the plates really should say "Land of 12,000 Lakes." The public temper began to steam, and the bureaucrats decided to stop messing with tradition. The license plates are right back where they used to be, and Minnesota once again is the land of 10,000 lakes, more or less.

TO THE RESCUE

This is the sort of plot that kids' books had back in the days when Frank Merriwell was riding high. Cleveland State's unranked soccer team was playing favored Howard, the NCAA champions, in the Clemson Invitational Tournament. Howard was winning 2-0, Cleveland State rallied late in the game to tie it 2-2. Then, disaster: Howard was awarded a

penalty kick. Penalty kicks are rarely missed in soccer, and hardly ever by teams like Howard. And the incumbent Cleveland State goalie was an inexperienced freshman who was in the game because the team's regular goalie had been injured.

Only one thing to do. The Cleveland State coach ordered Bob Hritz to play goal. Hritz, a sophomore from Germany, was the team's leading scorer but he hadn't played goalie since he was a schoolboy back home. Nonetheless, he exchanged shirts with the freshman and took his place. Howard's leading scorer, Lincoln Peddie (an apt rival for Frank Merriwell), drove a hard, low shot toward the corner. Coolly, Hritz flung himself at the ball and deflected it to the sideline. A corner kick followed and again Howard attacked the goal, this time with a shot just below the crossbar, eight feet off the ground. Hritz, only 5'7", leaped high and, of course, batted the ball away. This time the ball was cleared downfield. Hritz changed shirts again and rejoined the offense.

The game went into overtime. With less than three minutes remaining, Cleveland State mounted an assault on the Howard goal. A high pass came toward Hritz. Deftly, he headed it past the Howard goalie into the net for the winning score.

Merriwell would have taken it all in stride, but Hritz said afterward, with masterful understatement, "Nothing like this ever happened to me before."

Heck, it never happened to Merriwell.

THEY SAID IT

- Tony Mason, University of Cincinnati football coach: "The thing is that 90% of the colleges are abiding by the rules, doing things right. The other 10%... they're going to the bowl games."
- Dave Aldana, motorcycle racer, on what it's like to fall off a bike at 150 mph: "It's kind of like tumbling around inside a giant clothes dryer."
- Lee Corso, Indiana University football coach, on speaking to alumni groups: "I feel just like the head of a big company that lost all its money last year trying to explain it to the stockholders."
- Conrad Dobler, St. Louis Cardinal guard, after Alex Karras described him as the dirtiest player in pro football: "Well, 35 million TV viewers know that Karras has a lot of class. And all of it is third."

END

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Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 27, 1975

NOT ON THE UP AND UP

Mexico's Pan-American Games were marked by biased officiating and hostility toward the U.S. contingent

by KENNY MOORE

Merthe Watson of the U.S. led the long jump until judges "renewed" a leap by Cuba's Ane Alexander and ruled it a winner.

Near the end of the first week of the VII Pan-American Games, a U.S. distance runner struggling to escape the swirling, acrid smog of the Valley of Mexico found himself ascending a lavender-flowered hillside outside the city. Slowly he overtook a stocky Latin running in fashionable slacks, a sweater and heavy oxfords. Sweat rolled from this man's face; he looked neither right nor left, and between his teeth he clenched a silver crucifix. Later, telling of this strange vision of sporting penance, the track man said, "It struck me as appropriate. But there ought to be 20,000 gasping Mexicans up there atoning for the sins they committed this week."

The U.S. team had come to Mexico City prepared to be forgiving. Originally awarded to Santiago, the games had gone wandering after the Chilean junta decided to use its stadiums for detention and torture instead. For a time São Paulo, Brazil offered haven, but a meningitis epidemic and financial woes sent the games packing again, eventually to lodge among the 11 million inhabitants of Mexico City, which had less than a year to prepare a near-Olympic-sized fiesta for 4,000 athletes. Thus, when the U.S. athletes began arriving early in the month they were prepared to accept such minor hardships as the location of the competitors' village—a half-completed apartment complex between a pulp mill and an asphalt plant—and Mexico City's climate, once a salubrious blend of tropic sun and cooling altitude but now, affected by automotive and industrial spewings, a dismal alternation of blinding haze and cold downpour.

The opening ceremonies offered evidence that the weather was not the only thing that has changed since Mexico was host to the 1968 Olympics. Some 110,000 people wedged into Aztec Soccer Stadium to watch elaborate card displays, the parade of the athletes and the entry of the torch relayed from Cali, Colombia, the 1971 site. As the U.S. delegation entered, it was jeered with startling vituperation, equaled only by the derisive whistles di-

continued





Chandra and Pam switch silver and gold.

PAN-AM *continued*

ected at Mexican President Luis Echeverría. Cuba, on the other hand, received thunderous applause and organized cheers led by the stadium announcer. By the time the pigeons were released—the majority settling into the stands where they were caught and happily borne off for dinner—it was clear that much of Mexico viewed the games as a grudge match between the U.S. and Cuba, and its sympathy was all with Cuba.

Once the games began, any appearance by the U.S. team was met with storms of abuse. During the first week, the Cuba-U.S.A. rivalry flared most sharply in track and field. Cuba's Silvio Leonard won the 100 meters in 10.15 from Trinidad's Hasely Crawford, the best American, Clancy Edwards, finishing fifth. *El Sol de Mexico* called the race a "North American debacle." The literal downfall, however, was Leonard's. Crossing the finish line, he felt a hamstring twinge, lost control and plunged 15 feet into the concrete moat that circles the Olympic Stadium. Mexican doctors carried off the nearly hysterical Leonard and later reported him uninjured. In fact, he had been given a pain-killing injection to enable him to walk to the medal ceremony and was helped onto the stand by teammate Hermes Ramírez, the bronze medalist. Not until Pam Jiles of the U.S. won the women's 100 meters later in the day and nearly followed Leonard into the moat did officials put up a protective barricade.

The next day, when Leonard was to be running the 200-meter preliminaries, he lay in bed under a floral coverlet, with a strained ligament in his right ankle. "I am contented," he said, with a wounded assertiveness, as if his pride were being tested. His eyes clouded as he squirmed with the pain, and he made no attempt to

veil his contempt for the questioner from the U.S. He would not permit his win to be devalued by the absence of the best U.S. sprinters. "I would feel the same if Steve Williams had come, because I would have beaten him. The gold medal is what is important. We gathered all our forces for this meet. Here it is Cuba vs. the U.S." Stiffly, he said he had no complaints about the officials' negligence or the stadium that had swallowed him.

Others did. Besides the overlong track and field schedule that took eight days to sort out fewer athletes than contest the NCAA meet in three days, and the absence of programs or crowds (track never filled the Olympic Stadium to more than a quarter of its 70,000 capacity), the officiating was often horrendous. In the women's 200, finish judges declared Jiles the winner over 16-year-old teammate Chandra Cheeseborough—both setting a U.S. record of 22.8. The finish photo revealed the opposite result, but word did not reach the judges until after the medals had been awarded in a consternating ceremony that saw Jiles and Cheeseborough on the victory stand starting at a scoreboard which had them in reverse order. Then, on the way to a TV interview, Neil Amdur of CBS showed them the picture of the finish. Solemnly, Jiles lifted the gold medal from about her neck and exchanged it for Cheeseborough's silver. Holding back tears, Jiles quickly left the stadium. The next day she had come to terms with the result, if not the emotional wrench. "It's O.K.," she said, "since Cheese and I are from the same country and we both get credit for setting the American record."

If the officials were merely inept in the 200, they were clearly biased in the women's long jump. Martha Watson of the U.S. led with her first leap of 21' 6 3/4" until Cuba's Ana Alexander, the 11th of 12 qualifiers, produced a jump the reader board showed as 20' 8 3/4". That wasn't good enough for the crowd of 10,000, which railed at the officials. After a few moments the board was cleared and a new mark substituted, 21' 9", a Pan-American record. Because of a rule prohibiting competitors from the pit area, Watson could not verify her opponent's mark. Later, in the village cafeteria, Alexander was asked by another athlete if she had actually jumped 21' 9". "No," she said flatly, without apology. "It was probably around 21 feet."

In the discus, an event world-record

holder John Powell won with a Pan-American record of 204' 7", officials permitted Cuban entrant Julian Morrison to throw his personal discus, a violation of the IAAF rule that requires the organizing committee to provide all the implements. Morrison upset Jay Silvester of the U.S. for the silver medal by 2 1/2 inches. Powell viewed the controversy in terms of Aristotelian logic: "We saw the Cuban put the discus in his bag after he had thrown. He was doing one of two things. He was stealing that discus or he was admitting it was his. Now if you begin with the premise that the games officials are pro-Cuba and anti-U.S., everything else follows. The officials will simply say they made a mistake rather than penalize the Cuban." Indeed, the officials did just that.

Powell is a man perpetually swathed in dignity. Told by Head Coach Roy Griaak that the jury of appeals contained no English-speaking members, Powell replied icily, "Let me express my surprise." As the meet wore on, the Cuban preparations Leonard had mentioned, which included Soviet coaches and a month in the Ural Mountains for the distance runners, paid off. Cubans Luis Medina and Leandro Civil finished one-two in the 800. Alejandro Casanas won the high hurdles in 13.44, the first U.S. Pan-Am defeat ever in that event. What U.S. victories there were came hard. Sam Colson won the javelin by five feet from Juan Jarvis of Cuba with a throw of 275 feet, a Pan-Am

Despite catcalls, Woods set games record.



record. In the 400 meters Ronnie Ray faced Alberto Juantorena, the world's top-ranked quarter-miler last year, beat him with a savage 44.45 and was carried from the track.

The discovery of the games, and a refreshing diversion from the grim U.S.-Cuba combat, was a 21-year-old Brazilian army corporal, João Carlos Oliveira, who two years ago was washing cars in São Paulo. After winning the long jump at 26' 10½" he came back to bounce an astounding 58' 8½" in the triple jump, a world record by a foot and a half. When he learned that his reward for these prodigies was to remain in the army permanently, he said, "That's O.K., I didn't want to go back to the car wash anyway." The day after he set the record a Brazilian museum cabled a request for the shoes he had worn. "As soon as I'm through with them," he replied.

Each U.S. winner was subject to prolonged whistling on the victory stand. Kathy Weston, a cherubic 17-year-old from Reno, led all the way in the women's 800, a race distinguished by her calm in meeting the late challenge of the defending champion, Abby Hoffman of Canada. During the medal ceremony she stood motionless amid the jeers, characteristically serene. Hoffman, who has run in three Olympics, was fuming. She said later, "Kathy is as innocuous as human beings come. She deserved better." Weston spoke of her father, a telephone company engineer who had polio when young.

Though he raised four sons he shied from sports until Kathy began running in junior high school. "Now it's his hobby as much as mine," she said. "He runs with me, lifts weights, and has lost 100 pounds. So on the victory stand it was nice to think of him watching on TV."

Uncontrolled crowds turned the 20-km walk into a nightmare. The two Mexican walkers, Daniel Bautista and Domingo Colia, were the class of the field and moved quickly ahead. At once the crowds lining the course near the university surged in behind the leaders and parted only grudgingly, as do the taxis on the Reforma, for the rest. Two-time Olympic bronze medalist Larry Young said, "In some places hundreds of people were blocking the way. The screaming was awful." Todd Scully, in fifth, was struck and spat upon. "I think the U.S. ought to pull out of the Pan-Am Games if all we're going to get is this hostility," said Young. Later, Professor Jorge Molinas Celis, the track and field director, apologized to the U.S. coaches, blaming the Mexico City communist party for the discourtesy. The marathon course, he promised, would be secured by troops.

In the high jump, AAU champion Tom Woods won easily at 7' 3", then had the bar set at 7' 4½"—one centimeter higher than Dick Fosbury's stadium and Olympic record. As do many high jumpers, Woods stood gathering himself for as much as a minute before each attempt. The Latin crowd seemed unable to deal

with these moments of quietude, filling them with rising catcalls, making a travesty of the event with behavior that seemed the more irrational because it could not change its outcome. "Helt," Woods said later, "I kept going after I had won as much for the crowd as anything." He missed his first two tries badly. As he began the third, the officials intervened with trumpets and the medal ceremony for the pentathlon. Finally, after another whistle-scarred approach, he sailed over.

"Listen, you think this crowd was bad, you should have been at the U.S.-Mexico basketball game," Woods said. "We won 99-70, but the abuse was so awful that if I'd been the coach, I'd have pulled the team off. I thought, O.K., this is the way it's going to be when I jump. There was no way it was going to intimidate me."

It certainly didn't, yet Woods walked from the stadium depressed and thoughtful. "Athlete versus athlete with no distractions seems to me the ideal of sport. Private meets don't have all the political and nationalistic interference that this one has. The Olympics is still the ultimate thing in my life, so I feel that all of this grandeur and expense should be for the athletes. But it's slipping away. It's for the officials, for the spectators to satisfy whatever word cravings drive them to act like this. It just seems to me that these enormous productions might be dying under their own weight."

END

Leonard (left) won the 100 but needed a helping hand after plunge; Weston (center) and Medina (107) were 800 winners, she to jeers, he to cheers.



STORMY DAYS FOR THE SERIES

First it was Cincinnati and gusts of controversy over alleged interference at the plate, then the return to Boston and its grim gouts of rain. In between, the Series throbbled to a Cuban tempo

by RON FIMRITE

As the disputed play begins in Game 3, Armbrister bunts. Fisk lunges to field the ball.



Fisk takes aim to cut down runner Geramino.

As last weekend approached, gloomy New England skies darkened what had been a luminous World Series. It rained and rained on the parade, dousing spirits, dampening enthusiasm. October in Boston had become a persuasive argument for a shorter baseball season. "We may go head to head with the Super Bowl before this is all over," said one baseball functionary as foul weather, no stranger in the Northeast this time of year, lengthened and flattened out a Series that had been all peaks and valleys of excitement.

Nevertheless, it had already become a Series of memorable contrasts. The cities involved represented opposing cultures: Boston, self-proclaimed "Hub" of Eastern sophistication; Cincinnati, hometown of Middle America. The ball parks embodied this striking dissimilarity. Fenway Park is pure Boston: old, compact, eccentric, slightly battered, a relic from a departed and more refined civilization. Riverfront Stadium is new, huge, symmetrical, antiseptic, a monument to modern American get-up-and-go. Fenway has natural grass, naturally; Riverfront has AstroTurf.

Although both managers are Midwestern-born, they, too, were peas from separate pods. The Reds' Sparky Anderson is plain folks. He is likable, self-effacing, sentimental, a spouter of homilies, an espouser of fairness—"Let's don't cheapen this World Series by crucifying anybody." Anderson speckles his speech with humble disclaimers—"To be honest with you, I don't see so good anymore." On his clubhouse wall a poem is posted:



The throw soars up over Burleson's glove.



When Plate Umpire Barcott rules no interference, everybody else, Fisk gives him an awful.

"A smile is something nice to see, / It doesn't cost a cent / A smile is something all your own, / It never can be bent."

The Red Sox' Darrell Johnson appeared to the national press as the personification of unsimiling Yankee severity, although he was somewhat more cordial in private conversation. No matter how inoffensive or simpliminded the question put to him at press conferences, he responded as if he were being asked to disclose a particularly embarrassing family secret. He was a hostile witness. This was reflected in his numbing habit of prefacing virtually every response with an aggressive "In the first place" or "Number one. . . ." Once he was guilty of a double singular: "Number one, in the first place, I'm not here to tell you what I put down on my piece of paper." In his discourse there was rarely a second place. On one occasion he said his team had committed three *faux pas* in a game. He named only two.

It is not known if Johnson preceded his remarks to Plate Umpire Larry Barnett in Tuesday's third game with an "In the first place, you're a scoundrel," but it is certain that any hostility previously unexpressed was given vent to on that balmy, eventful evening in Riverfront.

Before the first game in Cincinnati there had been laborious speculation on how the Red Sox fielders would perform on the artificial surface, just as there had been before the Series opener in Boston on how the Reds' fielders would react to Fenway's famous "green monster" wall in left field. Both the wall and the rug

proved to be overrated furnishings, since no fly balls hit the wall in the first two games and the Red Sox swept up most everything on the rug. A human being, Umpire Barnett, not the carpeting, would be the Sox' undoing in the third game, and, as Anderson said afterward, "The guys in the bars will be talking about that play until spring training."

The barroom conversation piece occurred in the 10th inning of a tense and thrilling game in which the Red Sox rallied from a 5-1 deficit to tie the score in the ninth on Dwight Evans' two-run homer. The Reds' Cesar Geronimo began the 10th with a single to center off Sox Reliever Jim Willoughby. Anderson then dispatched the previously obscure Ed Armbrister to hit for his pitcher, Rawly Eastwick. Obviously up to sacrifice, Armbrister would soon become baseball's most famous burner. He dropped one plop in front of the plate, the ball bouncing high. Red Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk leaped for the ball as Armbrister first started to run, then, for reasons not even clear to him, stopped in his tracks. Catcher and batter collided as Fisk reached for the ball. With some difficulty Fisk fielded it, then, with his mitt hand, shoved Armbrister away and threw to second base in an effort to catch Geronimo and start a double play. His throw to Rick Burleson was high and into center field. Geronimo sped to third, and Armbrister, the late starter, reached second.

Fisk and Johnson argued vehemently but vainly that Armbrister had interfered with Fisk while he was fielding the ball.

So now, instead of two outs and no one on base, the Red Sox found themselves with Reds on second and third and no one out. Pete Rose was intentionally walked to load the bases and Joe Morgan singled in the winning run over a drawn-in outfield. The game had ended, 6-5, but not the controversy.

Asked about his decision, Barnett replied, "I ruled that it was simply a collision. It is interference only when the batter intentionally gets in the way of the fielder. I signaled that the ball was fair and in play." The applicable baseball rule would seem to be No. 6.06, which declares that a batter is out if he "interferes with the catcher's fielding or throwing by stepping out of the batter's box or making any other movement that hinders the catcher's play at home base." The catch is that the rule makes no mention of the batter's "intent." Johnson said that in his argument with Barnett the umpire said nothing about intent, explaining only that in his judgment there was no interference. A judgment call cannot be protested, but an interpretation of the rules can be, if the protest is made before the next pitch is thrown. This was not done, since Johnson was unaware that "intent" was an issue.

Intent or no, it is difficult to determine from reviewing films of the play if Armbrister did, in fact, interfere with Fisk. The two did collide before Fisk reached the ball, but in the opinion of Barnett's colleague Dick Stello, who was umpiring at first base, "The batter has as much right to go to first base as the fielder has

continued



Fisk nips Rose off the plate as Jhon Beniquez' bull's-eye throw but Reds went on to win 8-2.

STORMY SERIES *continued*

to go for the ball." A good throw by Fisk would have eliminated any controversy, however, for, even though jostled, he had time to gun down Geronimo. Armbrister, loitering near home plate, would have been an easy second out since Fisk also had time to tag him and throw to second to catch Geronimo. In fact, Fisk suspected that he had tagged Armbrister, although films disclose he touched the runner with an empty mitt. Fisk was still in high dudgeon after the game, flinging magazines about the clubhouse and elaborating on the perfidy of umpires.

"It's a damn shame to lose a ball game like that," he said in a moment of relative calm. "One call from an umpire can change the complexion of the whole Series. If I don't think I've got a legitimate complaint, I'm not the kind who will beef and moan and make a show."

Fisk and Red Sox Captain Carl Yastrzemski also called into question the practice of rotating umpires each year by seniority so that eventually all will have a shot at the \$9,000 paycheck, the theory being that any umpire with six or more years' experience is competent to judge a Series. "Baseball owes it to the fans to

have only the best umpires in the Series," said Yaz, a solemn, intense man. "Maybe we ought to rotate the teams, too. I think this is a disgrace."

The eccentric Bill Lee, who is much less solemn if equally intense, claimed he would have "chewed Barnett's ear off," if he had been within biting distance. "I would have Van Gogh'd him," he said, creating on the spot a verb of ear-catching artistry.

It is a measure of the Red Sox' professionalism that on the next night they could put Barnett, Armbrister and the whole umpirical mess behind them and whip the Reds 5-4. Luis Tiant was the winner for the second time in the Series. The Cuban dervish was a somewhat different pitcher than in the Series opener, relying much more on his wicked fastball than on his assortment of off-speed pitches. His control was less certain as he walked four, fell behind on many hitters and threw the considerable total of 163 pitches, and his windup repertoire was, if anything, more extensive. "He jiggles his glove," says Fisk. "He throws back his head, shakes his leg, twists around and all of a sudden, here comes the ball." Even

his more modest motions cause him to resemble an erring husband dodging thrown kitchen objects.

Tiant proved an artful dodger in a game that had him teetering on the brink. His resiliency amazed even Fisk. "He's a winner," said the catcher. "When he walked Rose in the fifth inning, his first two pitches were fastballs and I motioned to Johnson that he had nothing on them. His breaking pitches were high and his fastball wasn't real good. But in the ninth he was throwing harder than earlier, which was really something, because for a few innings it looked like he was fading away. When Johnson came out to see how he felt in the ninth, I told him, 'Let him go after 'em.'"

For all of his antics on the mound, Tiant is a man of dignity. He has the mustachioed, brooding countenance of a Latin dictator and the body of a vaudevillian—paunchy, ungainly, top-heavy. He speaks softly and in interviews generally addresses himself to the floor, a mannerism which literally brings his questioners to their knees. He is so fiercely



The deadless Tiant pitches his second win

proud that when a Cuban countryman, Diego Segui, was lacerated in the Boston press earlier in the season he refused to speak to the offending newsmen.

The fourth game featured yet another Ambriester bunt (he has a World Series record for short hits), this one rolling unevenly down the first-base line and advancing Geronimo, who had led off the ninth inning with a single. Fisk, now the ironist, lamented that the onerous situation of the previous evening had not been duplicated. "I wish the same thing would've happened," said he, a crooked smile cleaving his handsome features, "because maybe this time somebody would've gotten it right."

Tiant was assisted in his second Series victory by a typically sensational catch by Fred Lynn on the center-field warning track of Ken Griffey's searing ninth-inning liner, and by a double mistake on one pitch by Geronimo and Morgan. With two out in the ninth, Geronimo on second and Morgan at bat, Cesar inexplicably broke for third on an apparent steal attempt. Morgan—explicitly, as it turns out—swung at the pitch and popped it up to end the rally and the game. "I have a poor habit of swinging at the ball when I see someone going," said Little Joe. Geronimo, said Anderson, should not have been going.

The Reds tipped the balance their way on Thursday with a 6-2 win behind Don Gullett's superb pitching and some ninth-inning relief help from Eastwick, the winning pitcher in the first two Cincinnati victories. Tony Perez, who had gone zero for 15, hit two homers and drove in four runs. Perez, who had fairly sizzled through the last half of the season and the playoffs, was mystified by his Series ineffectuality. He, too, is a Cuban, and, like Tiant, something of a philosopher. "I have played this game too long to get down on myself," he said after the ordeal of the zeroes had ended. Anderson had joshingly reminded him that he was in striking distance of the World Series record for futility, 0 for 22, which was set in 1968 by the Cardinals' Dal Maxvill. Perez took this depressing intelligence under consideration and advised his manager that, thank you, he did not want such a record. "I do not want my grandchildren to remember me this way."

He erased himself from future record

books in the fourth inning with an arcing shot over the left-field fence that tied the score at 1-1, and he put the game out of Boston's reach with a mighty three-run blast that caromed off the second-deck facade in the sixth. The homer aside, the sixth was truly a weird inning. Morgan led it off by walking. He then attracted no fewer than 16 pickoff throws from an obviously obsessed Reggie Cleveland, the portly Boston pitcher. Morgan advanced when Johnny Bench hit a routine double-play grounder in the direction of Denny Doyle at second base. Doyle was not in

the vicinity, however. He had lost sight of the ball in Bench's white uniform and was wandering blindly near the base when the ball drifted slowly by him into right field. Perez capitalized on this oversight with his second homer. The game, effectively, was over.

Asked if he felt disadvantaged by the loss, Johnson said, "Number one, we have to give these fellows the edge, but we'll be out there Saturday." In the first place, he was wrong. Saturday's game was rained out, not to mention Sunday's.

END

The resurgent Perez is greeted by the men he drove in with homer No. 2, Bench and Morgan.



THEY'RE HAVING A FIELD DAY

Not only are college placekickers making more three-pointers than ever, but they are hitting from midfield to boot **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

First, some straight mathematics. Pay attention. David Eugene Lawson, age 21, senior, U.S. Air Force Academy, kicked field goals of 45, 52 and 41 yards against Notre Dame to become the most prolific placekicker in college football history. For the moment. As of last week, he had booted 45 in four years, which breaks the NCAA record. And, of course, he is very much alive and kicking. Earlier this season, through a crosswind in Ames, Iowa, Lawson kicked a 62-yarder, which is a major-college record for distance. His 19 field goals in 1974 are a record for one season, but that may not last long. You see, Lawson does not kick alone.

Conventional or soccer-style, everybody's doing it. There are placekickers you never heard of—if you've never

heard of Lawson, it's all right because we're going to fill you in on him later—lacking more footballs higher and farther and with a greater degree of accuracy than ever. Barring an unforeseen slump, we are about to witness a season in which 1,200 or more field goals will be kicked.

Second, history. In 1939 the colleges widened their goalposts by about 5 feet (to 24 feet), which was virtually a call to—well, to feet. That year 199 field goals were kicked, an increase of 93.2% from 1938. In 1969 there were 669 field goals, a 336% increase in 30 years. In 1973, there were 958, which is the record that will, at the present rate, be broken in November. Through last Saturday, 665 field goals had been kicked in 1,249 attempts, a .532 batting average, which is 33 points higher than the record .499 of 1973. Pro-

jecting out, the grand total will be 1,211 at season's end.

There's more. Death by field goal has already come in 63 games this year. Poor Wake Forest has lost to Appalachian 19-17 and to Clemson 16-14, both on field goals made with less than 10 seconds left. Stanford managed to tie Michigan on Mike Langford's 33-yarder with nine seconds to go, and Vince Luma's 40-yarder lifted Wisconsin over Purdue with nine seconds to play. Virginia Tech edged Florida State 13-10 when Wayne (Munchkin) Latimer booted one from 61 yards out. And last Saturday Arizona remained unbeaten when Lee Pastor hit from 41 yards out to nip Texas Tech, while Tulane upset West Virginia 16-14 on Dave Walters' late 28-yarder. The record—91 games decided by a kick in 1972—obviously is in jeopardy. Envo, one must conclude that coaches are sending their kickers in not only more frequently but also at more crucial times and under considerably more demanding circumstances. It has been proved that coaches no longer think twice about letting a good kicker risk spectacular failure. Rafael Septien of Southwest Louisi-

Record-setter Lawson of Air Force baries his toe in the belt using a cleat-to-ankle strap that guarantees an upturned foot at impact.





ana needed binoculars to see the goalposts most of the times he was sent in last year. His average miss was 51.9 yards.

Lawson has a 58-yarder to go with his 62-yarder this season and one of 60 yards last year (no other major-college kicker has ever made two in the 60s). Against UCLA earlier he missed a 58-yarder. Chris Bahr, the icy cool Penn State kicker who is probably the best in the country, college or pro, has hit three 55-yarders. He missed one at 61. Windage was off, apparently. Pat Bolton of Montana State kicked four last week, two of them over 50 yards, while Florida's Dave Posey hit from 50 and 51 yards away. And on and on.

Percentages are up in every distance category. For example, in field goals attempted between 31 and 35 yards, the record made is .603 in 1969. Before last week's games, 114 of 170 kicks were successful at that distance, a .671 average. Tim Gibbons of Missouri has averaged 37.9 yards on 11 field goals. He has tried just one under 30.

Reasons given for so many dangerous kickers being on the loose might not all be satisfactory, but you can take your pick:

- 1) The emergence of the soccer-style kicker.
- 2) The proliferation of artificial turf, which affords consistent footing, uniform placement of the ball, etc.
- 3) More thoughtful athletes, especially small ones. (In the age of the unprovoked assault and the karate dojo, getting one's teeth knocked out trying to play split receiver is redundant.)
- 4) George Blanda.
- 5) Money.
- 6) The balls are livelier (not proved).

Along with everything else, some cherished notions about modern-day placekicking and placekickers are being shot down. Everybody knows what a field goal is (boring, usually) and what a field-goal kicker is supposed to be. He is supposed to be 137 pounds dripping wet (from the shower, not from sweat; nobody expects placekickers to sweat); to have an

continued

Ohio State's Klaban, a soccer-styler who destroyed Michigan last year, tapes both insteps.



BC's Steinfert kicks 'em with a soccer shoe.



New Mexico's Berg hit for five in one game.

East European or Scandinavian accent and an interesting story about how he escaped the Communists or the common folks. He will have only a very probationary pass to varsity status, not being a true athlete, and be suspect by the coaches, who can't figure him out and do not know how to coach him. Too, he is expected to have only a vague idea of what football is really like and to be a loner and/or an eccentric.

Some of the emerging kickers in this report do not entirely let us down on these scores. A young man named E.O. Wheeler, who kicks "only the long ones" for Georgia Tech, has a reputation for oversleeping, missing buses and disappearing from practice to call his girl or get his car fixed. Against VMI in 1973, Tech coaches yelled for Wheeler to go in for a field-goal try. When there was no response, they searched and found him asleep on the bench. Upon being awakened, E.O. rushed into the game and kicked a 55-yarder, a Georgia Tech record. He kicked his heels as he came off the field. Wheeler says the only problem a field-goal kicker has is getting bored. When the game is on, he amuses himself by looking at the action in the stands.

Brian Hall arrived at Texas Tech more limp-on than walk-on. He wore an artificial leg, the result of a farming accident. Hall carried the leg under his arm when he was interviewed by reporters the first time. When asked what he did to improve his skill during the off-season, he said, "Well, I've spent quite a bit of time refinishing my leg."

Indiana's Frank Stavroff, from Yugoslavia, walked on and into the job in 1973 and has made 11 of his 19 attempts for Coach Lee Corso, who likes Stavroff fine but isn't sold on field goals. "You better not kick a field goal if you have a lousy defense," says Corso. "I made a survey one year and eight of the 10 times we made a field goal early in the game the other team came back and scored a touchdown. I'd gain a field goal and be behind 7-3." Stavroff wears size 9 shoes but crams his kicking foot into an 8 "so it will feel like part of me."

Tony DiRienzo, Oklahoma's first soccer-style kicker, is from São Paulo, Brazil. As a sophomore two years ago, DiRienzo kicked a 60-yarder against Kansas; this season he has not tried one that long, but he has made every one of the nine he has tried, including three last week.

With such inconclusive evidence to go on, it is not surprising that coaches are often willing to concede that they have the best placekicker in the world kicking for them. In Boston, the best kicker in the world is Fred Steinfert, a 22-year-old left-footer from Westphalia (Wetter, West Germany) who broke the Boston College lifetime scoring record by booting a 46-yarder against Navy on Saturday. Steinfert has scored 191 points in four years. USC's Glen Walker is the "best all-round kicker" (he also punts) John McKay ever had. Well, certainly the best all-round kicker who was ever a guard at the U.S. Army's maximum security prison in Fort Leavenworth. Abby Daigle is "the best field-goal kicker in Oklahoma State history." Daigle uses a straight-on approach, but he licks the ball off the bottom of his shoe. He's credited with four field goals of 50 yards or more since starting as a freshman.

Ohio State's "best kicker in college football" is a walk-on named Thomas Klaban, who was born in Czechoslovakia and is sprindly and splay-footed and can be seen almost every day of his life making solitary trips up and down the steps of 100-foot-high Ohio Stadium, hopping on one leg, then the other. Klaban's best buddy is his sister Jane, with whom he escaped to Canada from Prague, then came to America in 1967, which was fortunate for him because NFL scouts seldom draft anybody living in Prague. When he wasn't watching TV to improve his English, Klaban kicked Michigan out of the Rose Bowl last year with four field goals. He prepped for Woody Hayes by starring as a high school swimmer in Cincinnati. When he needs coaching, Klaban doesn't go to Hayes, he goes to sister Jane. Naturally.

"Nobody can coach 'em, those soccer kickers," says Indiana's Corso. His advice to Stavroff when he uses him is "go in there and kick it." Tom Harp of Indiana State is one of the few who do not agree with Corso, at least not publicly. Harp coached Pete Gogolak at Cornell in the early '60s. Since Gogolak is said to be the father of soccer kicking in American football, what really happened is that Harp watched Gogolak very closely and tried to learn a few things. He now likens the basic technique of the soccer kick to the golf swing: the arc of the kick coming into the ball inside out. The errors of the soccer kicker, he says, are similar to those of the golfer: the foot strays

continued

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one way, shank: the foot strays another, slice. Harp believes that coaching soccer-style kickers is getting easier because kids are doing it on playgrounds. He says "half the little leaguers in Terre Haute" have been imitating his freshman walk-on soccer kicker, Dave Vandercook, since Vandercook's dramatic 50-yard field goal on Sept. 20 beat Southern Illinois with no time left on the clock.

Nonetheless, most coaches still handle their placekickers intuitively, and gingerly, as one might a bomb with a faulty fuse. Rhetorical question: How do you get a soccer kicker out of a slump? Answer: you don't. If you're, say, Woody Hayes, you relieve him. Klaban kicked 52 of 53 points after touchdowns and nine of 12 field goals last year to out-score even Heisman Trophy winner Archie Griffin on the Ohio State team, but when he was laid up with an injury this year and then scuffed his first extra-point try against North Carolina, Woody yanked him. In came Klaban's roomie, team punter Tom Skladany. Skladany looks like Harpo Marx. He plays the accordion by ear, can throw a golf ball out of Ohio Stadium, does card tricks and can pronounce backward any word you give him. No wonder Woody thought he was a placekicker.

But when Skladany missed his extra-point try, Hayes didn't fool around trying to tell him to keep his head down or anything like that. He returned Klaban to the first chair. Against UCLA, Klaban boomed two long field goals and five extra points in a 41-20 Ohio State victory.

So. Now you've had some mathematics, and a little history, and are ready to meet Dave Lawson. Lawson is not a kicking specialist. Better not call him one, either, because he doesn't like it and he is 6'1", 219 pounds. He says kicking "was just a way to stay on the varsity." He stuck and also became a starting guard-linebacker for the Air Force Academy. He still kicks, all right (he says he "enjoys it" and that it "provides some color to the game"), but he doesn't work as hard at it as he does his defense. He doesn't kick soccer-style. He kicks straight on, the way Blonda does. And Lou Groza used to. Throw out everything you've learned so far. Lawson isn't even Hungarian.

Lawson is from Shawnee Mission, Kans. An excellent all-round athlete, he throws the javelin and is defending wing heavyweight boxing champion. Assistant

Coach Leland Kendall says Lawson has "the strongest leg I've ever seen." (See? They all do it.)

Lawson is no chest beater. His is the short, pragmatic view of placekicking. "It's a way to win—and a way to lose," he says. And too often a lonely salvage operation when the offense has had to go off with less than it worked for, a touchdown. "I think about the rest of them beating their brains out to get downfield," he says, "and then if I miss that's when I really feel bad."

There are others among the new kickers who are players in the total sense, who would not hesitate to make a block or risk their skin for a tackle. Stanford's Mike Langford, whose coach, Jack Christiansen, calls him "the best in the country" (naturally), is 6'2", 215 pounds, and was a linebacker in junior college. Bob Wood, though only 5'7", 175 pounds, plays flanker and halfback on the Michigan scout teams. He kicked a school-record four field goals against Stanford. He is also black, a rarity among placekickers.

Look at Chris Bahr and you know he's no defensive end. Bahr is 5'9", 160 pounds, and when he goes onto the field without shoulder pads, which he sometimes does, he appears especially frail and vulnerable. Until his right foot explodes into the ball. Bahr kicks soccer-style. His 14 field goals currently leads the nation.

"He is a natural," says his father Walter, who was an All-America in soccer at Temple and is now the Penn State soccer coach. Chris is one of those all-American boys (quiet, soft-spoken, 3.5 in biology) who just happened to grow up in soccer instead of football. He is, in fact, a superb athlete. Under the 4-year-old NCAA rule that allows a scholarship athlete in one sport to play professionally in another, Bahr competed for the Philadelphia Atoms of the North American Soccer League last spring. "Competed" is not exactly the word. He led the team in scoring and was Rookie of the Year.

With kickers like Bahr around, and Lawson, and himself, Boston College's Steinfert believes that one day soon somebody is going to kick a 70-yard field goal. Watch the skies.

It probably won't be Bob Berg of New Mexico. Berg is not only small (5'11", 157 pounds), he is a professed nonathlete who "never even went to a college game until I played in one." He kicks straight on.



Penn State's Bahr is also a pro soccer star.

The thing about Berg is that if you want to be safe in your illusions about placekickers, he's your man. He is an art major (he sculpts, draws, messes around with ceramics, wants to design toys for a living). His hair springs from his head in a wide, curly arc. He taught himself to kick, using a flimsy canvas shoe from which he cut the toe out and the sole off. The shoe was held together, barely, with laces and tape.

Berg is also one of the best. He has kicked 12 of 16 this fall, including a record live in New Mexico's opening game. He is also one of the fastest guns. He gets a placement off so quickly there is scarcely time for the defense to move, much less block it.

At those times, Berg says, "I never look up. I step it off, line up the poster, put my head down and kick." He says he has "never seen anybody coming in at me. It'd probably scare the hell out of me if I did."

Ah, that's the way we like to hear 'em talk.

END

PRO BASKETBALL 1975-1976

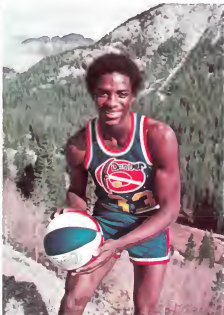
Another season begins, and a lot of big names are wearing different uniforms—not counting Wilt Chamberlain and his dalliance with the Knicks. But from the opening tipoff they will be playing the same dazzling game
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

If Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is in Los Angeles and George McGinnis is in Philadelphia and Dan Issel is in Denver and Charlie Scott is in Boston; if Dave Bing is in Washington and Swen Nater is in New York and Archie Clark is in Detroit and Mack Calvin is in Virginia; if Marvin Webster is in the hospital and Mendsy Rudolph is behind a TV microphone and Bill Walton weighs 400 pounds and the Nets and the Nuggets are trying to get out of the ABA; if Chet Walker is insisting on retirement and Darryl Dawkins is considering puberty and the Jazz is wondering how to lure Alexander Belov, its tenth-round draft pick, out of Russia, and Wilt Chamberlain is playing volleyball, just answer these two questions in this season of your

raging discontent, Mr. Confuso Professional Basketball: Why isn't Kansas City in Omaha anymore and where oh where is the immortal Levens (Jelly) Tart?

After the most frenetic off-season since the unveiling of the red, white and blue peach basket, pro hoops begin this week with not one but two new commissioners, not two but 20 important personnel changes, not 20 but nearly 100 times as many headaches, potential disasters and threatened lawsuits. One look out the windows of his penthouse suite, or wherever it is an instant czar gazes for inspiration, and the ABA's Dave DeBusschere may fondly recall the days when he was a White Sox pitcher and a Piston player-coach at almost the same time, while the NBA's Larry O'Brien may wish

NEW FACES, NEW PLACES





What were the odds last year on finding Abdul-Jabbar astride the I. A. freeway system, Charlie Scott visiting Old Ironsides in Boston or David Thompson a mile high in the Rockies?

he were back being burglarized by G. Gordon Liddy.

After adjudicating the McGinnis matter by putting Mike Burke and the Knicks in their place and awarding Gorgeous George to his rightful owners, the 76ers, O'Brien now finds himself facing a possible player strike, an improbable merger and the curious workings of the college draft, the reserve clause and the option clause. (O'Brien thought the New Hampshire primary was tough?) DeBusschere has the Claws to worry about—not a Japanese sci-fi monster but the Baltimore Claws, a new franchise that teetered through the preseason in such desperate financial straits and administrative disarray that not even another top-40 hit by Francis Scott Key could save it. In addition, the ABA commish was about to announce a network TV contract when the Nets and Nuggets hit

him with the news that they were applying to join the rival league. Carl Scheer, president and general manager of the Denver team, said, "It is time to get our heads out of the sand." DeBusschere must have felt like throwing Scheer into quicksand when the television discussions came to a screeching halt.

Possessed of two of the most exciting players in the game in Julius Erving and rookie David Thompson, the Nets and Nuggets would be well advised to start their own league, fill it up with the Jones boys (there must be at least 50 of them in pro ball now—Caldwell of San Diego, Dwight of Atlanta, Jimmy of Washington, etc.) and call it the OBA, for Outta-sight Basketball Association.

Though ABA arguments on the comparative merits of McGinnis and Erving usually end in agreement that over a hard series McGinnis' strength combined with Erving's tarnished knees give the former the edge, McGinnis is not likely to terrify the NBA the way he did the younger league. But for a single game Dr. J is the best and a subject of absolute awe

among his toughest critics, the players. The other day even Portland's normally serene Walton was overheard heatedly describing to his former college pal, Jamaal (Silk) Wilkes of Golden State, how "The Doctor" had wowed the populace in an August charity game. Walton spoke with atypical excitement and used hand swoops. Wilkes was wide-eyed.

No less dazzled seemed the country boy Thompson when he got a load of his new home in Denver. "It's a large city. It's a small town. It's young. It's pretty. The people are friendly. It's like Raleigh," said the North Carolina State star. If so much wholesomeness sounds suspiciously like the lyrics from a Henry John Deutchendorf Jr. song, at least Thompson has not threatened to change his name to Denver.

Thompson could have had Atlanta or Manhattan or Hollywood and Vine, or anywhere else in the NBA. Instead, he hopped in a van with 5'7" teammate Monte Towe and chugged off to the Rookies.

Thompson missed the first 12 shots he took in Denver's exhibition opener, but he won't miss many more. Marvin Webster, the Nuggets' other rookie "prize," won't miss any at all. After breaking his foot, the Human Eraser showed up in camp resembling a human balloon, promptly got sick and happened to mention to team officials that he had a fever ailment and, by the way, hadn't completely recovered from his hepatitis of a year ago. The Nuggets, who had signed Webster for nearly \$2 million, must have contemplated erasing the Eraser before calming down and coming up with enough money to pay Kentucky's John Y. (Why) Brown for Isell's defaulted contract with Baltimore.

Everybody tends to ridicule the ABA for its lack of good centers, but a check of last year's NBA rosters shows such privation as Jim Fox at Seattle, Leroy Ellis at Philadelphia, Lloyd Neal at Portland, John Gianelli at New York and Otto (Say No) Moore at New Orleans. Cleveland's Jim Chones is considered a rising star in the NBA, but he was an ABA cast-off. If Clifford Ray had led his *continued*

team to the ABA championship, there would have been guffaws: nobody laughed when Ray helped Golden State to the NBA title.

As another example of increasing parity (or dilution of talent) there are always America's media darlings, the wonderful New York Knicks, who at times last year fielded a lineup of Tom Riker, Mel Davis, Harthorne Wingo, Jim Barnett and Jesse Dark.

One center nobody puts down went from Milwaukee to Singapore to Pakistan to Malaysia before winding up in Los Angeles. Not long after arrival, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar said, "L.A.'s changed. I've changed." But the most dominating figure in the game has not changed enough to stop the beautiful people in Bel Air from guaranteeing each other another Laker dynasty. Maybe even Doris Day will come out to the Forum once more.

Abdul-Jabbar has never lost a championship while playing for a Los Angeles team (he was 3-0 at UCLA), and while the current Lakers have not been known to play defense during their relentless pursuit of statistics and salaries, Kareem should be keen again after all those bitter winters matching wits with the thick snows and the thicker playbooks in Milwaukee.

"We'll put defensive pressure on people. We'll smother teams," says Abdul-

Jabbar. First, Coach Bill Sharman must get his men's minds off their potentially incredible scoring averages. To these ends, when Guard Gail Goodrich held out all through the preseason, the joke was that the Lakers were offering him a no-cut, no-shoot contract. Cazzie Russell, another noted tommy-gunner who must relish the presence of Abdul-Jabbar, reveals priorities when he says, "All the older guys talk about the legs going first. Me? If my right arm goes, I'm through."

Most refreshing for the pro game is the possibility that teams will follow the lead of the two defending champions, the Warriors and the Colonels. Somewhere along the line their coaches, Al Attles of Golden State and Hubie Brown of Kentucky, recognized that "super teams," or a single man who can control a division race by himself, are things of the past.

Attles and Brown—two former under-achievers off the mean streets of Jersey, the one a black battler from North Carolina A&T, the other a white whippet who wore a crewcut at Niagara—used a "team" to win. Not five men—not even eight—but 10 or 11 individuals substituting, platooning, helping, filling a role, cheering each other, contributing to a championship. Their victories—especially that of Golden State, which had only the remarkable Rick Barry among players Sonny Hill had never heard of—con-

firmed that excellent purses, at least the quality of old silk, can now be made from, say, nylon. Sows' ears still won't do. Beyond that, a sport finally had two championship leaders who refused to take themselves seriously. In the frenzy of a close late-season contest with the Nets, the effervescent Brown leaned over the press table and vigorously kissed a woman reporter. "Hell of a game, isn't it?" he said. And Attles must have been the first winning coach in history to be kicked out of the last game of a 4-0 championship sweep, thus having to watch the crowning achievement of his professional life on TV in the locker room.

But how much do coaches know anyway? When the CBS-TV microphones picked up the conversation in the Washington Bullets' sideline huddle during that final NBA series, the cat was out of the bag for all men who make a living at the glamorous art of Xs and Os. Hardly anyone can forget the Bullets' coach, K.C. Jones, momentarily mute while Assistant Bernie Bickerstaff furiously scribbled patterns and diagrammed plays as one time-out drew to a close. When the Bullets broke from the huddle, the coaches screamed, "O.K., O.K., What we got? What we got?" and Mike Riordan, dripping with sarcasm, said, "We got 24 seconds to shoot."

Pro basketball confusing? You got to love it.

WHEN GOLDEN STATE GLITTERED



At the end of last season the Golden State Warriors outmanned almost everybody by totally dismantling the Washington Bullets in the NBA championships. Their victory in four straight games was a memorable upset, but almost before anyone had time to savor the fact that Jack had once again whipped the Giant, summer was here. The series and its trappings are eminently worth recalling. Even in the playoffs, pro basketball is an intimate game, fought out on a bear pit of a court, within arm's reach of many fans. Both they and the players share the exhilaration and frustration, as is reflected in the photographs on the following pages.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.





introductions, the anthem, the extra
playoff touches: a floral message for
Warrior owner Franklin Mieuli, sitting

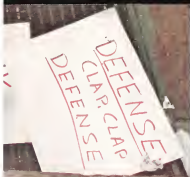
courtside in beard and headphones;
a little pregame concert—all high good
spirits at the Cow Palace and the Cap-





ital Centre. But then suddenly here was Washington's Mike Riordan, flying in frustration at Rick Berry, to be man-

handled in return by Warrior Coach Al Attles. Too late Berry restrained Attles; he was tossed out of the game.





'EVEN NOW IT'S STILL HARD TO BELIEVE'

The new season is beginning, and the way the last one finished still seems to defy belief, the Warriors ripping the Bullets so completely and against all odds. As they came to camp last month, some of the Warrior players were still talking with wonder about those four games back in May. The picture at left tells how it ended. There goes grim-faced Bullet Mike Riordan off the floor of the Capital Centre after the last game, followed by Elvin Hayes and Tom Kozelko. And there is Rick Barry, the Warriors' Most Valuable Everything, emotionally and physically drained, his hair styled by champagne in the winner's locker room. What happened?

The first game was played in Washington, a matter of choice by Coach K. C. Jones. With the better season record, he could have chosen to play the first one away and, because of arena schedule conflicts, the next *three* at home. But he wanted to win the opener and opted for the home-court advantage. The game produced a pattern, though of course no one knew it then: the Bullets got an early lead—16 points at one time—and the Warriors went to their bench and wore the lead away, winning 101-95. The big upset had begun.

"I'm not really sure," Barry was saying in the happy confusion after the series had ended, "but I do know this is what basketball is supposed to be all about. We made reality out of fantasy. This is the type of season you only dream about. It just doesn't happen. I guess that makes us the lotus."

The lotus?

"I have a friend, a priest," he said. "When things look bad, he always says that from the mud grows the lotus."

Game 2 in the Cow Palace: the Bullets, all certified basketball experts assured themselves, would now assert their clear superiority. And they did—for a while. This time a 13-point Washington edge melted away. Golden State 92-91.

Franklin Mikuli, the delightfully eccentric owner of the Warriors, was on hand, sitting at the radio table and listening to the play-by-play through enormous headphones as though afraid of missing even the smallest detail of what was occurring in front of his eyes. "Like a phoenix risen from the ashes," he would say happily when it was all over.

The third game broke the pattern, or part of it. This time there was no big Washington lead to overcome, and Golden State was in control shortly after half-time in the Cow Palace, winning 109-101. But the way they did it remained the same. The Warrior reserves—Phil Smith, Charles Dudley, Derrek Dickey and George Johnson—did the Bullets in. Particularly George Johnson. He relieved Clifford Ray at center, scored 10 points and grabbed nine rebounds. Altogether in the first three games, the Golden State bench scored 115 points, Washington's just 53.

On the way home, talk among the Bullets, down 3-0, was no longer about winning the championship but of winning at least one game, maybe two, for pride. They were being beaten almost every way a team can be beaten. Hayes and Wes Unseld, the awesome rebounding combination, were being badly outplayed. "We don't have two guys getting 30 rebounds," said Warrior Coach Al Attles. "We have eight or nine guys getting six or seven each."

The final game, in which Washington again owned a 14-point lead—only to have it taken away—was memorable mostly for Riordan's assault on Barry and Attles' charge onto the floor to get at Riordan. Just trying to stop a fight, Attles would say later. But for saying something extra to Referee Richie Powers, Attles was ejected. By that time it didn't matter, and like millions of other people, he watched the Warriors seal the championship, 96-95, on TV.

"I've looked at the tapes and I've watched us win," Barry said recently. "And even now it's hard to believe. I just never thought we could do it. Funny thing, after seeing the tapes I finally understand why the fans were so excited. While we were playing it was hard to realize what was happening."

Jamaal (formerly Keith) Wilkes, Golden State's Rookie of the Year, had the same sort of feeling. "I believe it because we did it," he said. "But it still has an unreal, dreamlike quality."

Barry looked down at his hands. The ceremonial delivery of the championship rings was still weeks away. "I guess I still really won't believe it," he said, "until I have my ring on."

—PAY PUTNAM

CONTINUED

BIG CITY COUNTRY BOY

Money and the promise of national exposure lured superstar George McGinnis out of the ABA to Philadelphia, and the \$3 million-plus deal for the Indiana strongman is already helping the 76ers

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Until a year or so ago George McGinnis seemed a fixture in his hometown of Indianapolis, a part of the landscape, like the State Capitol or the soaring Soldiers and Sailors Monument. Indianapolis is a basketball town and McGinnis had been a star there for a decade, first in high school, then at nearby Indiana University and finally with the ABA's Indiana Pacers. And when he wasn't thundering down a basketball court, he could generally be found somewhere in the city or its environs. "It may sound square, but I'm basically a country boy," he says. "I don't like big cities. Indianapolis is a clean, friendly place. It's got a small-town atmosphere."

But a lot happened to McGinnis the past year and now he is gone from the Pacers, gone from Indiana to work at his trade with the 76ers in alien Philadelphia, a metropolis nearly three times the size of his beloved Indianapolis in a league much tougher than the ABA. A lot of people believe he will be the NBA's next superstar.

The movement of a player of McGinnis' stature from one league to another is almost guaranteed to cause problems. In McGinnis' case things were made awkward by the fact that the NBA team he really wanted to join was not the 76ers at all, but the New York Knicks. He had said clearly that he did not want to play in Philadelphia, which owned the NBA rights to him. Now, drawing the subtext of distinctions, he insists, "I didn't say I'd never play in Philadelphia. I just said I didn't care for Philadelphia, just like I don't care for other big cities." And he adds hopefully, "I'm sure Philly has nice people and good restaurants. Who knows? Maybe I'll love the place."

Grudging though that may sound, it

is certainly softer than the attitude everybody understood him to have early last summer when his future became the subject of high-powered litigation, and he became the center of an unseemly NBA family feud. By the time he signed a six-year, \$3 million-plus contract with the 76ers in mid-July, his defection to the NBA had rocked three pro basketball franchises.

McGinnis, 6'8" and 235 pounds, is a superbly muscled man. When he joined the Pacers in 1971, his rough-and-tumble style seemed sometimes brutish. Other players complained that he did not know how strong he was, but Garry Donna, his agent at the time, had a different analysis: "No, George just doesn't know how quick he is." As McGinnis gradually discovered how useful speed could be, and as he picked up a little finesse he began dominating games as few players—and certainly few forwards—ever have. Last year McGinnis not only led the ABA in scoring with a 29.8 average but was fifth in rebounds (14.3), third in assists (6.3), second in steals (2.6) and fourth in accuracy on the three-point shot (.354). He was even more dominant in the playoffs, averaging 32.3 points per game and leading the Pacers, who weren't supposed to go very far in postseason play, to the championship round where they lost to the Kentucky Colonels in five games. He had developed a credible outside shot to go with his inside drives, and he had learned to find the open man when he was double-teamed. At the end of the season he and the New York Nets' Julius Erving were jointly voted the league's MVP.

With McGinnis receiving advance billing as Dave Schultz and Bobby Clarke rolled into one, it is not surprising that

the 76ers are starting this year with record season-ticket sales or that excitement among Philadelphia basketball fans is running higher than at any time since the glory days of Wilt Chamberlain. Not one to ruin on anybody's ticket sales, Bob Leonard, McGinnis' coach with the Pacers, thinks the enthusiasm will be justified. "I've heard people argue that George will never do in the NBA what he did in the ABA," Leonard says. "I think he will do over there exactly what he did here—tear it up."

There is little reason to doubt Leonard. Appearing in August in an all-star game of the Baker League, Philadelphia's summer playground circuit, an out-of-shape McGinnis had 18 points and 24 rebounds and had 3,000 fans slapping palms over moves that big men are not supposed to make. Next he scored 17 points and was named MVP in the NBA's annual Maurice Stokes benefit in Monticello, N.Y. And the 76ers' preseason schedule was scarcely under way when the NBA reported its first outbreak of "McGinnisitis," which is how Denver Nugget Forward Bobby Jones refers to the bruises that McGinnis can inflict with even the most innocent looking hand check. He was averaging 17.6 points playing only 28.6 minutes per game.

Prospects for a beautiful friendship between McGinnis and Philadelphia are not hurt either by the fact that during his extraordinary athletic career (at Indianapolis' Washington High he was prep All-America in football as well as basketball) McGinnis has yet to play on a losing team—which is what the 76ers have been for four years now. It also helps that, for all his fierceness on the court, he is a friendly, candid sort who embraces the philosophy—

continued



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the country-boy side of him—that “if a family pays \$30 for tickets, the least a player can do is sign a few autographs.”

Nor can it possibly hurt that McGinnis is, after all, a city boy. A product of the school yards and sidewalks of Indianapolis' racially mixed west side, he frequently could be found hunched over a plate of greens at a ghetto hangout called Sugar's Sugar Bowl or otherwise “mingling with the hip dudes,” as he phrases it. “George is an uncomplicated guy, and that’s why I love him,” says Irwin Weiner, his current agent, yet those were surely complex passions that boiled inside McGinnis a few weeks ago when a state trooper flagged him down on Highway 31 south of Indianapolis. McGinnis had been driving his 1974 Cadillac at 58 mph, exactly three miles over the limit.

“Well, that’s speeding, isn’t it?” snapped the officer when McGinnis protested. Then the trooper appeared to recognize McGinnis and, abruptly changing his tone, let the basketball player off with a good-natured warning. Driving away, McGinnis fumed. “He saw a black guy in a Cadillac and he decided to hassle him. If he’d given me a ticket, I would’ve fought it. I would’ve spent a thousand dollars in lawyers’ fees if necessary.”

McGinnis’ down-home qualities come through in the way he walks (the shambles) and dresses (he is most comfortable wearing jeans). He chows gum—four sticks at once while playing—and talks in a high, nasal voice with at least the hint of a twang. He has been engaged for two years to a personable young woman named Lynda Taylor, whom he knew for 10 years before that. He remains close to his mother, who lives in north-west Indianapolis in a \$40,000 ranch-style house purchased with McGinnis’ first basketball earnings. “There’s always been a lot of love in my family,” McGinnis says, unself-consciously. “My mother won’t ever have to work if I can help it.”

McGinnis’ attachment to Indianapolis was plain enough during the late-summer days before he had to leave for the 76er training camp. One day he and Bob Netolicky, the Pacers’ veteran 6’9” forward, went water-skiing on a lake north of Indianapolis, the two taking turns hurtling along behind the wake of McGinnis’ 19-foot powerboat. The next afternoon he and Lynda drove to a quarter-horse farm near Columbus, Ind. to have

a look at a colt he had bought not long before. “Ain’t he purty?” McGinnis beamed, putting the animal’s hindquarters. “I’m really tickled with him.”

As might be expected in basketball-crazy Indiana, McGinnis was fussed over everywhere. Taking leave of the colt, he went with Lynda and a couple of local horsemen to a nearby country-style restaurant where a man approached their table. “We’ll miss you, Big George,” the stranger said. “We’ve sure enjoyed seeing you play basketball.”

“It’s hard to be leaving a place where you’ve lived so long,” McGinnis said after the man had walked away. “For me, Indiana is like a big family.”

So why did he leave? McGinnis starts by insisting that he went to the 76ers strictly for the money. “I would have stayed if the Pacers had matched the offer,” he says. And it is true that his deal with Philadelphia puts him, still only 25, in the same financial league with such other reformed country boys as Pelé, Catfish Hunter and Bobby Orr. But he was attracted by the style and size of the NBA, its big cities and its national TV coverage. “Let’s face it, there’s a little ham in everybody,” he says. “It’s human nature to want recognition. The ABA has a lot of great players, but who knows it?”

Which is why, before last season began, McGinnis was thinking New York, and why the Knicks worked a deal with the 76ers that allowed them to take a shot at signing him. The Knicks told McGinnis all about how New York was media and endorsement heaven and Walt Frazier helped out by showing him his favorite haunts. After all, went the reasoning, how could you keep George McGinnis down on the farm after he’s seen P.J. Clarke’s?

But after much agonizing, McGinnis hightailed it home and signed a new six-year, \$2.6 million deal with Indiana. The contract, however, included an option that allowed him to buy his way out after one year. “My head just wasn’t quite ready last year,” says McGinnis. Says Frazier, “I think George got scared by the tall buildings.”

At the end of last season McGinnis decided he was ready for the Knicks, but by then the 76ers, seeing a chance to overtake fading New York in the NBA’s Atlantic Division, would not again cede their rights to the vastly improved McGinnis. Thus began, in late May, a six-

week chain of events during which McGinnis contended less with nature than with pinky rings and sequoia-sized cigars. One moment the country boy was in U.S. District Court challenging the whole concept of the NBA draft. The next he was withdrawing that suit and signing a \$3.1 million deal with the Knicks in open defiance of NBA rules. Amid charges by 76er President Irv Kosloff that the Knicks had committed “piracy,” “treason” and worse, newly named NBA Commissioner Larry O’Brien nullified the whole deal—which left McGinnis temporarily a man without a team.

But McGinnis’ dalliance with the Knicks had effectively cut his psychological umbilical cord with Indiana, and the 76ers moved in on him, waving money. Putting the matter somewhat differently, McGinnis says, “I don’t think Philadelphia would have been willing to pay this much if the Knicks hadn’t first.” His 76er contract was the third multiyear, multi-million-dollar deal he had signed with three different pro teams in barely a year.

The agreement with the 76ers was hammered out late one July evening in the blue-carpeted Manhattan offices of Commissioner O’Brien. O’Brien used to be in politics, of course, where cynicism is said to reign, but he was charmed as he listened to McGinnis—O’Brien swears he saw a tear on the basketball player’s cheek—describe the wonders of a mare delivering a foal. Then McGinnis asked the commissioner about his New Frontier days, a subject O’Brien warms to without any coaxing whatever. Next he asked for an autographed copy of O’Brien’s book, *No Final Victories*.

“I fell in love with the kid,” says O’Brien. “He’s the nicest, friendliest, most down-to-earth person you’d ever want to meet.” What is more, McGinnis actually went home and read the book.

But then, as George McGinnis says, “Being nice to people is the way I was raised.” The credit for that goes to Burnie and Willie McGinnis who, at 6’6” and 5’10”, also share accountability for their son’s size (older sister Bonnie, the family’s other child, is 5’10”). George’s feeling for the outdoors was kindled when he tagged along as a boy while his father, a carpenter, hunted squirrels and rabbits. “My dad and I were close,” George says. “He’d really beat on you if you did something wrong. But when you

continued

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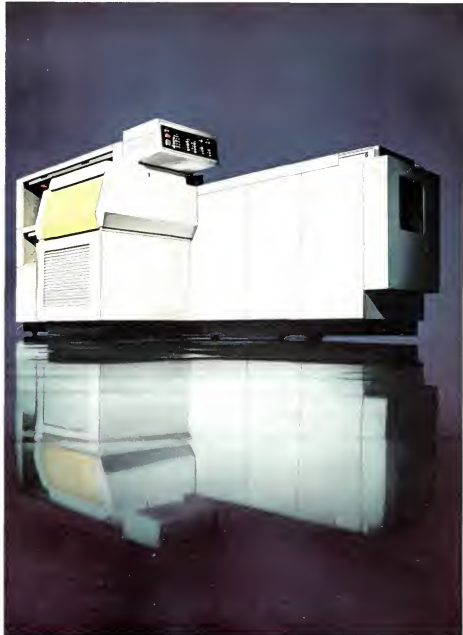
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Evidence that there was much to praise is preserved today in an oaken chest McGinnis made in eighth-grade woodshop. Stowed in his mother's knotty-pine basement, where action photos of him share wall space with a large picture of Jesus, the chest is stuffed with correspondence from the 350 colleges that offered him scholarships, including a number of letters—sorry, Arizona Western, too bad, Blackburn College—still unopened. Many of the offers were for football. McGinnis was an end at Washington High, a jarring downfield blocker and so formidable on defense that an Indianapolis newspaper nicknamed him "Mount George." It is with a nostalgic sigh that longtime Washington Coach Bob Springer says, "George was the best football player I've had. He was also the best football player I've seen. A lot of big guys won't hit, but George loved it. He would have been a star in the NFL."

But McGinnis leaned toward basketball. As a senior in 1968-69 he averaged 32.5 points, breaking Oscar Robertson's Indianapolis high school season and career records. Steve Downing, later a standout at Indiana University, was on the same team, and the one-two punch powered the school to a 31-0 record and the state championship. Then came the annual two-game series between Indiana and Kentucky high school all-stars. Indiana took the opener in Indianapolis by eight points, McGinnis scoring 23, but the Kentuckian who guarded him said, "He's overrated. I put my hand in his face and he was off every time."

The second game was played in Louisville's Freedom Hall and, when McGinnis was pulled in the closing minutes of a 114-83 Indiana romp, the 17,875 spectators stood and cheered a performance—53 points and 30 rebounds—still talked about in those parts. Savoring it a bit himself, McGinnis says, "I guess the guy forgot to put his hand in my face."

A few days after his son's Louisville triumph, Burnie McGinnis slipped off a scaffold at a construction site and fell eight stories to his death. George stayed on at Indiana only through his sophomore year, topping the Big Ten in scoring with 29.9 points per game and averaging 14.4 rebounds. Then he accepted a \$50,000 bonus to join the Pacers. "Af-

ter my dad died I wanted to get a job and support my mother, but she made me go to college," he says. "When the Pacer offer came, I grabbed it."

In the pros, as in high school and college, George McGinnis seems a larger-than-life figure. He shoots the ball with one huge hand, letting it fly baseball-style, the other hand being superfluous. He cuts and screeches across the court with enough force to burst the seams of his size 14½ shoes, going through some two dozen pairs last year alone. Slam-dunking the ball in Denver, he bent the rim so badly that it had to be replaced. Virginia Squire Forward Willie Wise says, "McGinnis is so strong you'd swear he weighs 300 pounds. When he posts inside on you, there's nothing you can do. He's going to the basket."

At Pacer team parties McGinnis developed a talent for impersonations—his specialties included Center Mel Daniels and Coach Leonard. But in his earlier days he could count on hearing some heckler shout: "If you're so good at imitating people, why don't you play ball like Dr. J?"

Comparisons between McGinnis and Julius Erving are inevitable (they came into the ABA the same year) but no longer do people unfavorably compare the "Baby Bull," as an Indianapolis sportswriter once dubbed McGinnis, to the silky smoothness of Dr. J. "I know McGinnis is stronger than Erving," Willie Wise says. "And he may be quicker, too." Pacer Guard Billy Keller agrees: "Julius has a longer first step to the basket. And maybe he's a little showier. But George is stronger and quicker." And Bob Netolicky says, "George carried us last year. He's the best forward in the game. Absolutely the best."

McGinnis attributes part of last season's surprising success to the fact that the Pacers are an unusually close-knit team—yet here, too, he gets much of the credit. Few stars immerse themselves so good-naturedly into being a team member. Take the business of the cats. McGinnis is afraid of them, having been scratched by one as a child, none of which prevented Bob Netolicky, referring to this as "Superman's weakness," from turning his two pet cats on his terrorized teammate at every opportunity. After dinner at his house one night, Netolicky casually handed McGinnis a shoe box. McGinnis lifted the lid and out jumped

a plump toad. "If you were my guest," McGinnis cried, leaping from his chair, "I wouldn't do that to you."

There was also the curious ritual in which McGinnis always seemed to be wrestling in the Pacer locker room with rookie Forward Billy Knight, the slender Knight never failing to "defeat" his brawnier—by nearly 40 pounds—teammate. "I guess George never had a younger brother and I'm like a substitute," says Knight. "That's why he lets me win." McGinnis says, "If Billy was on another team, I'd have him too scared to even speak to me."

During last spring's semifinal playoffs, the Pacers were flying to Denver for the fifth game and McGinnis got to musing about the ABA and Indiana and all the games he had played in towns like Hampton Roads, Va., and Greensboro, N.C. "Do you realize I've been to Memphis a million times and I've never been to San Francisco?" he said. Soon he was saying, "The NBA is a tougher league. If I spend the rest of my career in the ABA, I can be perfectly happy. But the NBA would be a challenge." He gazed out the window, then added, "By the time I retire, I want to have drained every talent in my body."

When, months later, McGinnis signed with Philadelphia, Indianapolis Star Columnist Bob Collins wrote acidly, "George, I have to believe you were playing games with us." A different sentiment was voiced by the Pacers' Billy Keller, another hometown Indianapolis boy. "I can't blame George for moving on," he said. "Any of us would have done the same thing."

There are moments when McGinnis, reluctant to go to Philadelphia in the first place, seems tentative about being there now. "I hope '76er fans don't expect too much from me," he will say. In the next breath, though, he is eager for the season to begin: "I'm really excited about being with the '76ers. I think we're going to have a good season."

And there are other encouraging signs. McGinnis' first idea was to rent a house in Philadelphia, as though he might at any moment find he had made a mistake and want to flee. But he has warmed to his new surroundings and he is now negotiating to buy a house. And on the outskirts of the city of Brotherly Love are billboards reading, BY GEORGE, WE'VE GOT IT!

PACIFIC: A center for centers

CENTRAL: A need for knee power

The question isn't who will win here—only a nard or a Cavalier fan would wager against the Bullets—but by how much? The margin will be determined by the mileage Wes Unseld can coax from his suspect knees. Not that Washington won't have to look back now and then at Cleveland, which is young and talented and extremely well-coached. The best of the rest, Houston, won't be a serious challenger until the Rockets find a serious starting center, although every so often Kevin Kunnert flashes promise that he could be it. New Orleans moves into its expensive new Superdome, and while the Jazz isn't expected to drown out anyone, it should hit enough high notes and hot streaks to keep the big place respectably populated. Poor Atlanta. No one seems to want to play for the Hawks. No one wants to own the team. And what the city is really going ape for is ice hockey.

Hoping to end the annual assay of his knees quickly, Unseld has announced that they feel even better than last year, when they felt good enough to allow him to play 2,904 minutes, top the league in rebounds per game and lead the Bullets into the championships against the Warriors. With Unseld sound, the Bullets will be running their fast break, except that Dave Bing, not Kevin Porter, will be the guard who makes things happen. Before the trade with Detroit (Porter for Bing and a first-round draft choice next season) Bob Ferry, the Bullets' general manager, spent three hours talking to Bing. Said Ferry, "I wanted to be completely sure that Dave understood what his role would be."

A heavy scorer with the Pistons (19 per game vs. 11.6 for Porter), Bing's role with the Bullets will be to deal off to Phil Chenier, his backcourt running mate who prefers to move without the ball, and to Forward Elvin Hayes, or to anyone else who happens to have a hot hand. No problem, says Bing. "At Detroit I played for six different coaches. I was adjusting all the time." In the championship finals the Warriors double-teamed Chenier because they didn't consider Porter a scoring threat. No team will take that liberty



with Bing. Jimmy Jones, whose playoff injury cost the Bullets dearly, will be back soon to provide superior backcourt relief. That suits Mike Riordan, who occasionally had to move back from forward last year to help out. Leonard Robinson, Nick Weatherspoon and Rookie Kevin Grevey will be assets up front.

Clobbered by injuries last season, the Cavaliers still came within a whisker of making the playoffs, and with their young forward line of Jim Chones, Cammy Russell and Jim Brewer, should make them easily this time around. Maturing as the season progressed, ex-ABA'er Chones became one of the NBA's better centers. He blocks shots, rebounds, throws the outlet pass and holds his own against the big post men.

Russell got a lot of playing time late in the season and scored well, but when he was paired with Brewer, the Cavalier defense had holes. Russell is quick enough to check the small forwards, but will be a liability until he gains more experience. Still, he can run, jump and shoot, and will score more points than he gives up. He'll be sharing time with Bobby (Bingo) Smith; all Bingo did was lead the club in scoring with a 15.9 average. Coach Bill Fitch compares Brewer, a fine rebounder, with Boston's Paul Silas, a lofty assessment for a youngster with only two years' experience.

In their only major off-season move, the Cavs got Guard Butch Beard from Golden State for Forward Dwight Da-

vis and future draft choices. Beard is Fitch's kind of player, a five-year veteran who can give the young Cavaliers the leadership they need if they hope to stay close to the Bullets. Beard was the man who made the Warriors' championship offense churn. If Cleveland can keep Austin Carr healthy for most of the season, and if the other fine guards, Jim Clemons and Dick Snyder, keep up the good work, Fitch's eternal optimism might be matched by success.

At Houston last year Coach Johnny Egan introduced his Rockets to something called defense, and by the end of the season they were playing it well enough to make the playoffs. This season he has introduced them to Joe Meriweather, a very quick center out of Southern Illinois. He'll be tried in the pivot, behind the less-than-mobile Kunnert, and at forward behind two-time All-Star Rudy Tomjanovich and Ed Ratleff, the Rockets' best defender. For certain, with Calvin Murphy and tough Mike Newlin also in the lineup, the Rockets will score a ton of points. How many they will give up is the other side of the coin.

On the day of the draft, Atlanta looked like a sure winner, and then failed to sign either of its two first-round picks—Marvin Webster and David Thompson, both of whom went to the ABA. The Hawks finally managed to get aging Connie Hawkins from the Lakers and 6'8" Bill (Poodle) Wiloughby from his high school in New Jersey. If that is all the Hawks are going to do in an attempt to shore up a team that has no center and whose two best players, John Drew and Lou Hudson, play the same position, small forward, Atlanta fans just might invite Sherman back.

In New Orleans, where Pete Maravich has become the complete ballplayer, Butch van Breda Kolff has added dependable Ron Behagen (from Kansas City) and 7-foot rookie Center Rich Kelley to his cast of Cinderellas. The Jazz may not wind up with the worst record in pro basketball this year. After last season when they started out five up and 42 down, nothing should surprise the fans in the Superdome.

CONTINUED

MIDWEST: Where coaches go gray

When you subtract Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Dave Bing from the Milwaukee Bucks and Detroit Pistons, respectively, add still another year onto the collective age of the venerable Chicago Bulls and consider the young and brash Kansas City Kings—well, this division ain't what it used to be. But it should be more interesting, if only to unemployed coaches out there keeping track of possible job openings. At Milwaukee, Larry Costello has to prove he can win without the big guy, a less than enviable task, although it is not true that the Bucks will play their home games on the Little Bighorn. Last year was supposed to be Chicago's, but wasn't; Dick Motta will try again with the same old Bulls minus Chet Walker (probably)—and now you know why Motta bought a gas station. At Detroit, Ray Scott exchanged Bing for Washington's Kevin Porter, which brought peace to the Pistons; if Scott could trade some of that calm for two forwards his future would be less bleak.

For the first time in their short history the Kings will be favored in the division. They will be going with the same team that won Coach of the Year honors for Phil Johnson. In fact, the Kings were so pleased with the lineup that finished in second place just three games behind Chicago that the most significant move they made was to drop the Omaha half of their name. The Kings have excellent backcourt leadership in Nate Archibald; a continually improving center in Sam Lacey, who still looks awkward on occasion but more and more seems to be making the right play in the right place at the right time; and a powerful second-year forward in Scott Wedman. They also picked up three players who should be able to help right away. They sent Ron Behagen to New Orleans for a first-round draft choice and used it to get Bill Robinson, a 6'7" 230-pound forward from DePaul. With their own first-round pick they took Bob Bigelow of Penn, a 6'7" guard who can play forward, and added Glen Hansen, a 6'5" forward from LSU. "What we needed was a big guard," says Johnson. "Everything just fell into place for us."

For shipping their franchise to Los Angeles, Milwaukee got a number of very respectable athletes. When Abdul-Jabbar went thataway, back came seven-foot center Elmore Smith; Brian Winters, a solid guard the Lakers hated to give up after just one year; UCLA All-America Forward Dave Meyers; and Junior Bridgeman, a quick 6'5" guard out of Louisville. On their own they drafted Clyde Mayes, a burly rebounder from Furman, and slender Cornelius Cash of Bowling Green.

"I'm very, very excited," says Costello, swearing that he has simplified his mammoth playbook. "We've got a new style, new players, new everything. Meyers can do everything. This is the best crop of young players I've ever had."

How well they are able to function depends largely on Smith, who still may have the same high potential he had when he came into the league four years ago but who has never made a mistake once that he hasn't repeated a couple of hundred times. In 1971 they said he'd be another Abdul-Jabbar, but he's been traded away twice, and now Costello will discover why.

A year ago, Chicago money, a draft choice and Clifford Ray went to Golden State for Nate Thurmond. But Thurmond did not turn out to be the key to an NBA championship. Instead, Nate turned out to be old, slow and brittle. Bitter salary disputes involving Bob Love and Norm Van Lier at the beginning of

the season didn't help any. The Bulls did win the divisional title but lost in seven games to the Warriors in the conference finals, and the bright promise of October became numbing humiliation in May.

And now canny old Forward Chet Walker is gone, although he has promised Motta he would "reconsider" his retirement. Replacing him will be Cliff Pondexter, who as a 6'9" rookie sensation out of Long Beach State spent last season on the sidelines with a broken leg. He is evidently healed: in the Southern Cal Summer League he averaged 19 points.

Both Love and Van Lier, who had been expecting to be traded, were in camp on time, but Tom Boerwinkle, who replaced Thurmond late in the season, has tendinitis in the left elbow and may miss some of the early season. That would leave Thurmond in the pivot, and the Bulls now know he can't do the job anymore.

With Porter in the Detroit camp, Scott wasted little time installing the fast break, and then acquired veteran Guard Archie Clark from Seattle. The departure of Bing, an All-Star guard, was prefigured by his poor relationship with Scott. Porter claimed to be happy about the swap. In Detroit's first intrasquad game the fiery little playmaker poured in 32 points and has been averaging nearly 16 in exhibition games.

"Man, has he got us turned on," says Bob Lanier, the burly center with the tender knees. "Sometimes he starts to drive, and I just stand there and watch. Then the next thing I know, the ball is in my hands for an easy layup."

That's the problem: after Lanier there aren't many people in Detroit that Porter can deal off the ball to. Last year, when they stumbled to a 40-42 record, the Pistons' scoring came from Lanier inside and Bing outside, and not much from anybody else. Meanwhile, Porter was leading the league in assists serving up the ball to Phil Chenier, Wes Unseld, Elvin Hayes and Mike Riordan. For Porter to even come close to his assist mark of last season, Lanier will have to break every scoring record known to man.



CONTINUED

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Our acclaimed turntables are another example. Truly different to look at and delightful to operate, our YP-800 features direct drive, an ingeniously effective tone arm, careful designing down to small details like gold-plating the connectors, and meticulous finishing throughout. The sense of touch, the sense of sight, the sense of hearing—all three receive and deserve careful consideration

New solutions

With our different upbringing, we don't have the traditional binders that are built into the brains of ordinary electronics engineers. And because we make a wide variety of products, we're highly conscious of applications for new technology and materials.



B-1 UC-1

These applications are continuously shaped by our musical awareness. Outstanding examples are our Vertical FET B-1/UC-1 power amplifier and C-1 control preamplifier. Most experts today feel Vertical FETs are the biggest thing since the invention of the vacuum tube. And right now, Yamaha is the only one who makes all-FET amplifiers and preamplifiers.

Why are Vertical FETs so important?

We'll become a bit technical and ask you to bear with us, but first we'd better say this: the mere use of Vertical

FETs—or any other new device—cannot, in itself, mean superior sound. How such advanced devices are used is the critical point. Now, let's get down to some facts.

Today's audio equipment doesn't use tubes but that doesn't mean tubes were all bad.

Tubes have far less of certain kinds of distortion than transistors. But tubes are bulky, wear out quickly and have so many headaches that reliable, long-lasting transistors finished off the tubes years ago. Vertical Field Effect Transistors (Vertical FETs) changed the whole audio picture. We've actually built a special factory just to make these very different devices.

The Vertical FET, perfected by the inventor, professor Junichi Nishizawa, is a technological miracle. It combines the best features of vacuum tubes and the best features of transistors. The result is the clearest, most beautiful distortion-free musical reproduction you've ever heard.



C-1

Listen to our B-1 power amplifier, which won the coveted 1975 stereo component Grand Prix of the leading technical audio magazine in Japan, and judge the distinguished result yourself.

In technical terms, Vertical FETs are superior because they are non-saturating, have low impedances, require minimal negative feedback, are virtually notch distortion free, there's no thermal runaway, and odd-order harmonic distortion is just about non-existent. The perfection of our all-FET units is only one example of how our electronics have set new industry standards.

Imagine a perfect material that no one could use

Yamaha technology is ingenious. And original. Audio experts from the U.S.A. to Europe have expressed surprise at finally finding a Japanese speaker with outstanding performance. One of the secrets is our beryllium dome. Everyone in the industry knows that beryllium is the ideal metal for mid-ranges and tweeters because it's a lighter, stronger, and better sound transmitter than any other metal.



Trouble was, it couldn't be used. But Yamaha developed a special vacuum deposition process to create the lightest and most responsive speaker diaphragm known to man. The result is delightful listening.

Quality is the only value

So far we've tried to be factual. And it's clear that Yamaha is really different from your ordinary electrical parts maker. Our thinking is of a different order and the resultant audio components are truly distinguished. Instead of concentrating all our efforts on selling and making hundreds of products, we concentrate on creating the finest units possible in a wide range of deliberately limited models. We are convinced people want quality because that's the only real value there is. And when the chips are down, it's value that counts.

Now you know who we are. And where we stand. We only ask that you keep two things in mind. First, don't be afraid to trust your own ears. Decide for yourself but do remember that it *does* take time to evaluate equipment. Two units may sound alike when you listen for five minutes, but listen to both for a longer period and one unit may tire you out while the other gives real pleasure. Second, don't be afraid to trust our specs.

Independent labs and audio magazines, from the U.S.A. to Canada to England, agree that our specs aren't always truthful. They report that our products generally check out better, *significantly better*, than our published specs. In short, our specs are so conservative that you can be *sure* the Yamaha component you buy will—at a bare minimum—perform at its published specs.

The decision is yours

Enough of reading words printed on paper. If Yamaha sound is truly natural or not (we're saying it's the most natural you've ever heard) is for you to decide. Listen. You'll discover that every unit gets all the benefits of Yamaha's unusual resources and is created with the same dedicated craftsmanship and meticulous engineering that are hallmarks of our top-of-the-line audio components.



YAMAHA

NIPPON GAKKI CO., LTD. JAPAN

YAMAHA INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
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We know how music should sound.



ATLANTIC: Can a Scott be a Celt?

The easiest thing to say about this division is that the New York Knicks will finish last no matter what Eddie Donovan, Jack Kent Cooke and Wilt Chamberlain finally work out. Now onward and upward.

Immediately after the end of last season, after losing to Washington in the Eastern playoffs, the Boston Celtics set out in search of help, the need made even more pressing by the departure of Don Chaney to the ABA's Spirits of St. Louis. They came up with Charlie Scott of Phoenix, a free-lancer forever embroiled in controversy, most of it sparked by himself. Charlie Scott? Playing with Dave Cowens and Paul Silas with John Havlicek and Jo Jo White?

Visions of four fast-breaking Celtics watching Scott launch his running 22-footers danced in his new teammates' heads. Said one, "Charlie's going to learn our style of play. If he doesn't he's going to end up in a hospital." No problem, said Scott. He came to camp early, worked hard and has blended his undeniably talents into the Boston system. Playing more of an offensive role than Chaney did, Scott has teamed well enough with White to cause Coach Tommy Heinsohn to boast, "They give us our best offensive backcourt since Cousy and Sharmann." For a Celtic that is not a compliment dished out lightly. Kevin Stacom will be the third guard.

In the middle, of course, is Cowens, just 27 and at his physical peak. The weakness at the position is that Cowens, who runs and runs and runs, must occasionally be relieved to maintain his stratospheric energy level. That means 6'9" Jim Ard, who is usually back on the bench before he has warmed up.

Age at forward is another limiting factor. John Havlicek (35) and Paul Silas (32) were both outplayed by the younger Bullets in last season's playoff, and Don Nelson (35) has got to slow down some time. Help must come from second-year-man Glenn McDonald, maybe even 6'9" rookie Tommy Boswell, who arrived from South Carolina with a no-cut contract and no discernible love for labor.

Buffalo will make its annual run at the



Celtics with a prodigiously potent offensive machine. Bob McAdoo is an exceptionally quick big man, a scorer who is close to being unstoppable. The trouble is that, except for an occasional blocked shot, he seldom stops anyone else, either.

Last season the Braves won 49 games and then extended the Bullets to the limit in the Eastern semifinal. They did it without Ernie DiGregorio, their playmaker, who missed most of the year with a knee injury. The return of Ernie D. means two things: not having to handle the ball, Randy Smith will become a devastating off-the-ball guard, and forward Jim McMillan, 10 pounds slimmer, will be taking DiGregorio's pinpoint passes again for the corner jumpers he favors.

The Braves have strong rebounders in Gar Heard and Dale Schluter, and the happy problem of finding a spot for Tom McMillen, the 6'11" Maryland All-America back from being a Rhodes Scholar and a superstar in the European League. For now, he will back up Heard. At guard the Braves are deeper than the Marinas Trench, with Bob Weiss, Ken Charles and swing man Dick Gibbs, acquired from Washington.

Many and loud hosannas have been sung to celebrate the arrival of George McGinnis in Philadelphia, but 76er fans better face the fact that the team is not quite ready to go 79-3 and make the world safe for life-and-drum players. For sure the club will improve on its 34-48 record, and might well make the play-

offs. But General Manager Pat Williams has got to figure out how to pack the Spectrum in order to get the loot for the league's largest payroll. Before signing McGinnis for \$3.2 million the 76ers paid \$1 million for 6'11" 251-pound 18-year-old Darryl Dawkins, the high schooler from Orlando, Fla., and \$800,000 for 6'10" rookie Joe Bryant. There are also the salaries of Doug Collins (\$240,000) and Billy Cunningham (\$300,000).

Dawkins is still growing, and Coach Gene Shue must use him sparingly. Harvey Catchings will start in the middle, but Shue hopes to get away with a three-forward front line of McGinnis, Cunningham and All-Star Steve Mix at least some of the time. At guard, the 76ers have Collins, who may be the best off-the-ball backcourt man in both leagues, and Fred Carter, who may be 30 but still hasn't learned that you can't win in the NBA with nothing but one-on-one basketball. Then there is Clyde Lee, still a superb rebounder, and Center Leroy Ellis, who at 33 may be just the right teacher for Dawkins.

The Knicks barely made the playoffs as the wild-card team, and were promptly bopped by Houston. When the season ended, they decided they had better spend some money. First they went after Abdul-Jabbar and missed. Then they signed but failed to secure McGinnis. A flutter at Spencer Haywood didn't work out. Now, in a move that is pure desperation and slightly degrading, they are chasing Chamberlain, the 39-year-old multimillionaire who hasn't suited up in two years and was recently declared a free agent by Commissioner O'Brien. But he still is probably a better center than the ones they have (John Gianelli and Tom Riker) and unquestionably better box office. Walt Frazier and Earl Monroe remain perhaps the best pair of guards around. Bill Bradley and Phil Jackson are remnants from that last championship season, but neither will make any All-Star teams. The Knicks have two promising rookies in Eugene Short and Larry Fogie, but not even Red Holzman can work enough magic to get them to help much this year.

CONTINUED

WEST: Rocky Mountain high

The textbook case on How to Revitalize a Franchise evolved in Denver last season when the entire city contracted a serious epidemic of the Rocky Mountain Highs. The Nuggets won more games (65) than anyone in pro basketball before being upset by Indiana in the playoffs. The team was a year away. Or a month. But no sooner had Coach Larry Brown and General Manager Carl Scheer lost than they won—namely, the two top college draft choices, David Thompson and Marvin Webster.

Though Webster will be on sick leave when the Nuggets open their grand new 17,500-seat McNichols arena, Thompson, the incredible soaring machine, will show why he is worth the \$37 trillion Denver is paying him. After Brown-Scheer cut the heart out of their team to get the youngsters, the only quality players left were Forward Bobby Jones and Guard Ralph Simpson, so another trip to the mint produced Dan Issel from Baltimore. Issel will switch back to his old center position and the Nuggets figure to be quicksilver as well as golden underneath. In backcourt, Simpson is a stylish offensive player and Fatty Taylor returns to contribute defensive steals, but neither is the leader Brown would prefer. Free agent Steve Jones may be the answer. Or second-year-man Jimmy Foster. Or rookie Monte Towe.

The Spurs and the Nets used a nifty sagebrush subway to shuttle eight different players between San Antonio and New York in the off-season. As a result the Spurs have just as much firepower as before without sacrificing their terrible defense; if Coach Bob Bass' crew had defended the Alamo, the Mexicans would have concluded the struggle within 24 seconds. Last year Coach Tom Nissalke installed a slow-down power attack with the emphasis on burly Center Swen Nater, but when Bass took over early last year he wanted to run, and Swen went into a swoon. His replacement, Billy Paultz, is a good shooter-rebounder who plugs the middle on defense, but he may run less than Nater, a feat previously believed impossible. Which leaves it up to skinny Corner-

men George Gervin and Larry Kenon. Gervin is quick, strong and nearly unstoppable in close; Kenon, out from Dr. J's long shadow on Long Island, brings with him superior rebounding skills. Mike Gale, the third former Net, adds class to a backcourt that includes James Silas and George Karl, two punishing types who can score and direct the 1-4 offense.

Nissalke, one of the game's classic survivors, turned up in Salt Lake City where he took the Utah Stars to the playoffs using three 6'11" starters. Inasmuch as Utah had no forwards to speak of, Nissalke got by on the "slow break," which is exactly what it sounds like, plus kid power in the person of 19-year-old Moses Malone. Moses led the team to the unpromised land of 38-46, or fourth place, but he did show enough skill and learning ability to justify some predictions that he will become the best offensive rebounder in history.

Leaper Ron Boone, who has played in 583 straight regular-season games, is the Stars' other star. His backcourt mate will be John Roche or Al Smith or Rick Mount. Rookie Steve Green, an uncanny shooter at Indiana University, will be at forward alongside Randy Denton, allowing Malone to play pivot again. Jim Eakins will back up Malone, who will miss the first two weeks recovering from a broken foot.

The Indiana Pacers' new ownership refused to match Philadelphia's offer to

George McGinnis and refused to pay Kevin Joyce what he thought he was worth, thus losing about 40% of the team's 112-point-per-game offense. Consequently, Coach Bob Leonard, armed with a new five-year contract, must work hard for a whole season rather than enjoy his accustomed part-time duty in the playoffs. This is Leonard's type of team—young, tough and willing—but the post-McGinnis Pacers will suffer from Present Shock. Forward Billy Knight, an explosive scorer as a rookie when McGinnis demanded double coverage, must show he can do it without George. So, too, must underrated Darnell Hillman, who rebounds, blocks shots and contributes strong D. Second-year Center Len Elmore looked like the most improved player around during the preseason. A sleeper rookie, Mike Flynn, may start in backcourt alongside Don Buse, and ahead of bombs-away Bill Keller.

The once-mighty Pacers will be back—probably back of everybody but Bill Musselman's San Diego Sails. Musselman is the defensive specialist who was rescued from Minnesota just before the NCAA hangman tied the noose. His reputation for discipline is matched only by his inability to get along with players, and a pool already has been formed on how long Musselman will last in San Diego.

The Sal guards, especially the exciting Bo Lamar, shoot first and ask questions last. Warren Jabali doesn't even ask questions; his repartee with Musselman ought to be marvelous. Up front things should go more smoothly if only because Caldwell Jones is one of the best centers in the sport; he is devastating when he wants to be. Musselman brought the Big Ten's best freshman, 6'9" Mark Olerberg, along with him from the Minnesota campus to hurt people and, not incidentally, to become the next Dave DeBusschere. But the club graded away its other forward, shooter Travis Grant, for money. How many points money will score is uncertain, but the betting is that money will be around long after Musselman has gone.



CONTINUED

Scotch without smoke



You know why Scotch tastes smoky? Because the malt grains are dried over a peat fire, with the smoke permeating them.

The grains we use in our Jameson's Irish Whiskey, on the other hand, are dried in a

closed kiln, with no smoke whatsoever touching them. Which is why this whiskey has such a clean, delicate taste.

This may sound like an advertising cliché, but if you like Scotch you'll love Irish.

Jameson. World's largest-selling Irish Whiskey.

Imported Irish Whiskey • 85 Proof • Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

NEW

What does



The Detroit concept: Make it look new.

It's probably the most powerful word in advertising.

And often the emphatic.

Because it's been abused so much.

Make a modest change in a product and right away it's NEW!

Make two little changes and it's NEW NEW!

Some advertisers have even gone so far as to label their products ALL NEW! Which, if you stop for a moment and analyze it, is somewhat redundant.

Detroit vs. Webster

Let's take the American car manufacturers. And mind you, we don't mean to disparage their craftsmanship, because the fact is, they do make some pretty fine automobiles.

But their misuse of the word "new" would make Webster turn over in his grave.

Last year, almost every major American car manufacturer introduced new outside on an old inside. And spent gigantic advertising budgets promoting their NEW cars.

(One manufacturer is actually about to launch a major NEW car introduction for an automobile that's been around in Europe for some time now, that they're merely making a few changes and slapping a sleek American body on.)

Are these cars really new? Hardly.

Sure, legally they can get away with calling them NEW. However, if the lawyers really wanted to be accurate about it, their advertising should carry a sentence that reads "OUTSIDE NEW ONLY."

The Secret Everybody Knows

Now, we all know what "new" really is. It's no great, dark secret that you

have to go to the top of the mountain to find out.

It's simply that which hasn't existed before.

In the case of an automobile, it's starting from scratch and totally redesigning just about every single part to best fill your needs. Or rather, to best fill the needs of the driver.

Which is exactly what we did with the Volkswagen Rabbit.

Five Long, Hard Years

Five years ago, we set out to design the car of the future. Which may sound like a cliché, but it happens to be true.

We wanted to build the perfect car not only for today, but for the next twenty (maybe more) years.

To do that properly, we had to start from ground zero, taking everything into consideration—primarily economy, handling, safety and comfort.

Let's take economy.

With the price of gas skyrocketing—and no relief in sight—we felt we had to build a car that didn't get good, but great gas mileage.

And so we did. The Rabbit has a unique aerodynamic body design which helps it get an impressive 38 miles per gallon on the highway. (And an equally impressive 24 miles per gallon in the city.)

Big Mileage: Na Big Deal

Now there's nothing that extraordinary about getting high gas mileage—if you want to sacrifice performance (which is exactly what most cars do). But we didn't want to. We felt we couldn't. More and more superhigh-

W.

it mean?



The VW concept: Make it new.

ways are being built every day and our car had to be zippy enough to negotiate them.

Well, our engineers figured out a way; despite the 38 miles per gallon, to get the Rabbit from 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds.

To our knowledge, there is no other car in the world—none—that can give you this much gas mileage and this much acceleration together. And there may never be another one.

A Good Handling Car Is a Safe Handling Car

As far as handling goes, we didn't just stop at things like front-wheel drive for better tracking and rack-and-pinion steering (though they make the car handle so well we probably could have). We designed, for example, a totally unique "independent stabilizer rear axle." Rather than bore you with the details right now, we think it will suf-

fice to say that this axle significantly increases the stability of the car on rough roads. And therefore the safety.

And speaking of safety, we gave the Rabbit features that you'll find on few other cars in the world. Like something called "negative steering roll radius," which helps bring the car to a straight stop in the event of a front-wheel blow-out. "Dual diagonal brakes," which means that if either brake circuit fails, directional stability is maintained. And a uniquely designed double-jointed steering column that breaks aside in the event of impact.

How We Did the Impossible

Our engine, by the way, is what's called a "transverse engine" which means it's mounted sideways. That's how we were able to

keep the Rabbit so compact on the outside, yet so big and comfortable on the inside (it actually has the same amount of head and leg room as some mid-sized American cars!).

Curl Up With a Good Ad

Most of the incredible features that we've incorporated into this revolutionary automobile we really don't have the space to go into right now. However, you'll get a chance to read about them in detail in future ads we're planning to run. We're certain you'll be quite impressed.

But what will impress you even more is stopping in at a VW dealer and actually seeing the Rabbit in the flesh. And, of course, driving it.

You see, if you're in the market for a new car, we think your hard-earned money deserves more than just the word NEW with an exclamation point after it.

It deserves new, period.

The Amazing Rabbit



Oceans apart
from the ordinary.



Heineken. Holland's finest.
America's number one
imported beer.
Light or dark.
In bottles or on draft.
Exclusive U. S. Importers:
Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

Heineken tastes tremendous—no wonder it's number one.

EAST: Fried chicken again

As if Louisvillians weren't wrought up enough, they discovered recently that Dan Issel of their beloved Colonels had been force bussed over to Baltimore in exchange for over \$600,000, and that Travis Grant had been unforced bussed in from San Diego to take his place. Issel, who is white, was a college hero at Kentucky and a five-time All-Star. He had sacrificed much, including scoring and his center position to Artis Gilmore, so that the Colonels could win a championship. Grant, who is black, was a college hero at Kentucky State and averaged 25 points per game on the Coast in the role of "spot" shooter; let the opponent pick the spot, any spot.

Even without Issel—who wound up in Denver as a result of another deal—the Colonels should be the best in the ABA again. Under the wise tutelage of Hubie Brown, Gilmore finally came into his own last season, scoring 24 points a game and averaging 16 rebounds, as well as continuing to play the best pivot defense in the pros. Tom Owens, whom Kentucky got in the Issel deal, gives the Colonels a valuable backup center who can switch to forward, where defensive whiz Wilbert Jones, playoff surprise Marvin Roberts and the vagabond rookie, Jimmie Baker out of Philadelphia, Las Vegas and Hawaii, already provide impressive depth. The backcourt also is deep in reinforcements that Brown platoons in units. There are Hound McClain, Bird Averitt and even some real people, Louie (Mr. ABA) Dampier, and rookies Allen Murphy and Jimmy Dan Connor.

Kentucky won 22 of its last 25 games in a stretch drive that saw the Colonels nip New York for the regular-season title, then romp through the playoffs. It should be a three-team contest this time because St. Louis has the spirit, singular and plural.

The glorious turncoat, George McGinnis, once said that St. Louis "led the world in crazies." But now Marvin Barnes, Maurice Lucas, Gus Gerard and company will get a Thorn in their side—new Coach Rod, who has a most fertile mind. Barnes, Lucas and Gerard formed



an all-rookie front line last season, and their future together is awesome. Bud Marvin is interchangeable at center-forward with Lucas, who is even badder (he backlashed Gilmore with a punch in the jaw and gave Julius Erving a black eye). While Lucas, who will be the regular center, has a tendency to foul, Barnes has no glaring weaknesses at all. Gerard merely leaps through ceilings. Veteran Don Adams is around, supposedly, as a steady influence.

While the big men are babies, the backcourt is seasoned and poised. In a major coup, Don Chaney arrives from the Celtics with those long arms and that wondrous intangible, character. He complements floor general and scorer Freddie Lewis perfectly while backup Guard Mike Burr supplies defense.

In New York the dynamic, extraterrestrial Dr. J will be at it again, this time assisted by some new interns. After their playoff collapse the Nets tried to trade off everybody but the janitor in what looked like a panic move. Then they realized that what they needed was rebounding and intermittent rests for Julius Erving's knees. Swen Nater, who led the league in rebounding last season, came from San Antonio in a trade for Larry Kenon. Rich Jones, another strong retriever who can play defense, arrived from Texas a little later. They will enable Erving to forget about the defensive basket and highball it for his electrifying moves on the break, where he is most

dangerous. The Nets are so rich in backcourt that veteran Bill Melchioni might wind up assistant coaching more than playing. Smart and speedy Brian Taylor has become one of the most feared guards in the league, and as long as John Williamson's personality continues to be enigmatic, Al Skinner or rookie George Bucci could slip past him to start.

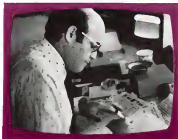
Dr. J may be even more fabulous and the Nets better than ever, but honors for most improved should go to the Virginia Squires. After last year's fiasco, no improvement would mean exile to the Eastern League.

Following their 15-victory season, the Squires' center, David (Daze) Vaughn, summed up the futility by getting arrested for appearing on his front lawn in nothing but a T shirt. Coach Al Bianchi got three probable starters from Denver for the rights to David Thompson: 6'10" Center Mike Green, Guard Mack Calvin and Forward Jan van Breda Kolff. While Green and Calvin will miss some early games because of injuries, the estimable cornerman Willie Wise is hale and hearty. Rookie shooter Ticky Burden has beaten out Dave Twardzik in backcourt; now that Calvin has injured his knee, Ticky will have a bigger scoring burden.

The heaviest load in this division, however, would have fallen on the shoulders of Joe Mullaney, who, almost up to opening day, had a job as coach of the Baltimore Claws. Then came the league's decision to close the Claws, who had looked shakier and shakier in the pre-season. Even if ownership had come up with enough money to keep Issel and convince DeBusschere that the team could operate for the season, Mullaney and the Claws would have finished somewhere under Chesapeake Bay. At least they won't have to go through that agony. What remains now, apparently (aside from legal tangles), is a dispersal draft of the Claw players, recognized in civilian life as a rummage sale. Among the available are Dave Robisch, who was Issel's replacement, Chuck Williams, Mel Daniels, Stew Johnson and George Carter.

END

REPLAYS AND RAPPROCHEMENT



NBC'S VIDEO OUTDID ITS AUDIO, INCLUDING GARAGIOLA

By the time last weekend's rain in Boston caused a long pause in the action, it had become clear that the heroes of NBC-TV's coverage of the World Series were Producer Roy Hammerman, whose replays were unmatched in quality and variety, and statistician Allan Roth, who put together an array of visuals that were fascinating to hardcore fans. In fact, NBC's coverage fell short of excellence only behind the microphones, where even Joe Garagiola used a maximum of words that resulted in a minimum of insights and humor.

Replays, sometimes from as many as five angles, were shown on almost every play worth reviewing. Three different shots were used to reexamine the Series' most controversial moment, the Game Three mixup involving Red Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk, Reds bunter Ed Armbrister and Umpire Larry Barnett.

Roth's statistics provided just the kind of information the announcers seemed loth to impart. Among the things he told us were that Joe Morgan has averaged 111 walks during the last seven seasons and that Carl Yastrzemski had scored a run in all six of the Sox' postseason games to that date. Those are the sort of arcane tidbits that true enthusiasts love, but rarely see or hear.

• The Series should not be the last big item of baseball news this year. An announcement

is expected shortly that a team of major-leaguers will travel to Havana in March to play a Cuban all-star team. Baseball, not Ping-Pong, will be the basis for sporting diplomacy with Castro. In fact, the sport already has begun playing that role. Cuba's decision last summer to allow the parents of Red Sox Pitcher Luis Tiant to come to the U.S. to see their son perform was viewed by some foreign policy analysts as an early step toward bettering relations between the countries. The big-league

visits could be an important prelude to reopening trade and diplomatic relations. How the trip will be covered by television is as yet undetermined, but the games are sure to be aired. That is good news indeed for U.S. fans, who will be receiving their first glimpses of the eight Cuban players, especially Catcher Evelio Hernandez, who are considered by scouts to be ready for the major leagues. As anyone who watched Tiant and Tony Perez in the Series knows, the best Cuban players are truly outstanding, but the youngest among the 14 current major-leaguers from that country is 31-year-old Cub Pitcher Oscar Zamora. Politics have prevented a generation of Cubans from performing in the big leagues. The March visit could lead to a welcome end to that prohibition.

• CBS, Santa Anita and the Oak Tree Racing Association agreed in September to co-promote a \$350,000 horse race on Nov. 1 called, of all things, The National Thoroughbred Championship. Because of CBS' heavy promotional commitment to the Santa Anita race, Maryland's Laurel Race Course felt that the network was giving short shrift to Laurel's Washington, D.C. International on Nov. 8 and broke a contract with CBS to televise the event. It now turns out that Santa Anita has attracted few decent horses for its race, while Laurel has put together the

best field in years, including Forego, Daktari and the last two Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe winners, Allez France and Star Appeal. As of last week U.S. television rights to the International had not been sold.

• The reason you don't hear the national anthem on ABC's Monday Night NFL games is quite simple. The network sells the time during which *The Star-Spangled Banner* is played to sponsors at \$50,000 per 30 seconds or uses it to run promotional spots. Last week during the anthem ABC gave its viewers two commercials and an NFL promo. The latter was for an essay contest: "The NFL's Role in American History."

• The best comment about the battle among the networks to see which of them can put on the most big money sports events—and phony made-for-television non-events—comes from TVS President Eddie Einhorn. "The focus is out of focus," Einhorn says. "Network competition is so high that all of them have just about all they can handle. Now they are more interested in stealing a property or an announcer than in the product. It is time everyone in the sports-television business sat down and assessed things before it is too late."

• Despite strong warnings from Einhorn and others, CBS continues to spend lavishly on so-called "Heavyweight Tennis." On Feb. 28 it will show Jimmy Connors in another \$250,000 match. His opponent will be Manuel Orantes or Guillermo Vilas, depending on who finishes higher in the Australian Open. The network is persisting in its hefty investment in tennis, even though the best television buy this fall has been CBS Vice-President for Sports Bob Wussler's "steal" (for \$5,000) of the four-heat Hambletonian. It outdrew the early-round telecast from Forest Hills that day and also introduced the best expert commentator seen on TV this year. He is Stan Bergstein, who broadcasts harness racing on a local New York TV station. Bergstein knew everything worth knowing about the Hambletonian and calmly explained the complexities of the race, even though he had never appeared on national television before. **END**

**“Why Viceroy? Because I’d never
smoke a boring cigarette.”**



A man with dark, curly hair, wearing a white racing suit with red accents and logos including 'Viceroy' and 'Firestone', is shown from the chest up. He is holding a lit cigarette in his mouth and looking directly at the camera. In the background, a yellow race car is on a track, with several people standing nearby. The scene is set outdoors on a racetrack.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 75

Enjoy Viceroy flavor—now in a bold new pack.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

New energy





saver.

A remarkable new device is saving two kinds of energy—elbow grease and fuel oil.

Our photograph shows you a new invention in action—a scrubbing machine, named SCAMP™. It's solving an age-old problem for Exxon and other companies who operate large ocean-going ships.

Keeping any ship's hull free of barnacles and other marine growth has always been a headache for sailors. When the growth builds up, it slows a ship down. This wastes fuel. And fuel today is valuable energy.

The traditional way to get rid of marine growth is to haul your sailboat or ship out of the water and start scraping. But that's not so easy when your ship is a tanker that stretches the length of three football fields. Dry-docking this size ship costs you time and money.

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On the day before last week's game with Houston, the president of the University of Miami, Dr. Henry King Stanford, sat in his sunshine-bright office and talked good-humoredly about the varying fortunes of the Miami football team. He told of how the team had earned the "sheerest admiration of our campus community." Of how its "heroic struggles" against alien hordes (mostly Oklahomas, Nebraskas and Colorados) had "united" the entire school. Of how the sportscasters and writers who pick at Miami football the way barnyard chickens pick at a wounded hen—to use his own native Georgian analogy—had only strengthened team resolve. And by way of summing up, Dr. Stanford then said that reports of the death of football at Miami, at age 50, were not only exaggerated but subversive, "a myth promoted by our recruiting competitors."

Miami football, he said, was here to stay, drooping attendance figures and won-loss percentages notwithstanding. A current report by a faculty committee studying athletics at the university lay on his desk. The report not only supported the program, but called it "a powerful force in the building of school spirit and in the projecting of the university's image." The football team, said Dr. Stanford, was an image-serving, spirit-building force to be proud of.

The team (or force) was 0-4 at that point in time. In 49 previous seasons no other Miami team had made so quiet an opening statement. But in its futility it had been, well, unifying. Not to mention heroic. In a three-point loss to top-ranked, heavily favored Oklahoma, Miami fumbled away its last chance to win. It led before running afoul of superior numbers and its own youthful blunders in close losses to Nebraska and Colorado, both highly ranked. The Hurricanes had been described by solicitous players and coaches from the other (wining) sides as "the best 0-4 team in college football." Actually not the sweetest kind of solace, admitted Dr. Stanford, who said he "agreed with the newsmen who wrote that being the best 0-4 team is the equivalent of being the fastest three-legged horse." He predicted that Carl Selmer was on the verge of adding the fourth leg.

Selmer, also 50, is the new coach of the Hurricanes. He had never been a head

Stop mooning over Miami



Worry no more, the coach—and school spirits—are riding high again after the 0 and 4 Hurricanes huffed and puffed and defeated Houston

coach, but wherever he assisted he was considered the pick of the litter. He was No. 1 assistant to Pete Elliott, the Miami athletic director, for two years, and before that was Bob Devaney's right hand for 11 years at Nebraska. Selmer admits to having been resentful when he was passed up for that job after Devaney quit, "but I didn't look back." He now considers himself lucky to have been in town when Elliott retired from coaching last February. He has come to love Miami. His golf game has improved and he knows he is going to like deep-sea fishing as soon as he can stand the movement of the sea.

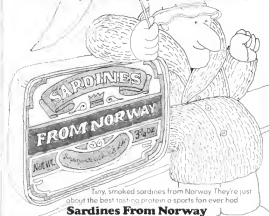
But lucky? Miami is almost always dealt the toughest hand in college football. Miami athletic directors have never backed off from providing their coaches with a good fight. And Miami fans love a good fight if their team wins. Miami fans support winners. In a preseason poll of Florida sportswriters, a losing season

was unanimously forecast for the Hurricanes. One predicted an 0-11 finish. Welcome to Miami, Carl. Selmer said he knew he could beat that because Miami plays only 10 games. Elliott, now scheduling into the '80s, promised that Selmer would not have to play every national champion every year. Though he has Michigan, Penn State, Oklahoma, Ohio State, Texas, et al., booked to go with the usual complement of Notre Dames and Floridas, he pointed out that there were a few VPIs and Syracuses sprinkled in with the lineup. (Miami never gets to play Slippery Rock.)

Selmer said anybody could tackle a soft schedule, that this was "a challenge." He said he would play a lot of boys, freshmen included, and by midseason when the Hurricanes were usually worn out maybe they wouldn't just be playing giants, maybe they'd be one, too. Coaches with five-year contracts can talk like that. Sure enough, the Miami play-

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

ers rallied round. "I don't care if it's the Pittsburgh Steelers, nobody's coming in here on a free pass," said End Steadman Scavella, the defensive captain, after Miami had stuck out its jaw against Oklahoma and Colorado. Players were actually volunteering for the specialty teams.

Though winless, Miami arrived at mid-season not yet a giant, but a growing boy—and an eight-point favorite over Houston. Some who do not know about Miami football even predicted a rout. Miami does not rout. The good and the bad, the ranked and the rank, Miami plays them all the same. Close. Miami coaches get vertigo from hanging from cliffs. Miami fans never get to go home early. Unlike their sophisticated Dolphin counterparts, who can usually pack their handkerchiefs and head for the parking lot midway in the third quarter, Miami fans have to stick to the last reel to see what's going to happen.

Against Houston the Hurricanes gave them a half-minute cushion to beat it home. Just when it appeared Miami was about to pull another defeat from the jaws of victory, it drove 61 yards in a little more than two minutes to beat the clock and a 20-17 Houston lead. I Back Don Martin dived a yard into the end zone with exactly 30 seconds to play and the point after made it 24-20.

For Miami the game was alternately thrilling and horrifying. Obviously in knots at the heady prospect of finally winning one, the Hurricanes squandered a 17-6 lead (partially built by Tim Morgan's school-record 100-yard kickoff return) and presented Houston with one opportunity after another by fumbling seven times. Fortunately, one of the two they recovered themselves was off an erratic pitch that bounced from Quarterback Kary Baker into the stomach of freshman Fullback Otis Anderson, who happened to be heading full speed toward the Houston goal. Anderson made 12 yards to the Houston two, from where Martin took it over in two tries.

Baker is a senior from Miami who, like Scavella, typifies a remarkable—and significant—trend in Hurricane rosters: a swing to Florida-breds. Of the 26 freshmen Selmer brought in, 23 are Floridians. A few years ago they might well have been from Pennsylvania. Cheaper recruiting? No, an awareness that "the high school football in Florida is excellent," says Selmer. "I'd like to have as many as we can get from here." Most of

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

Miami's better varsity players are, in fact, home-grown, including such pro prospects as Scavella, Fullback Larry Bates and Defensive Tackles Eddie Edwards and Gary Dunn. The latter is the son of Eddie Dunn, the alltime Miami rushing leader.

Baker is a lithe, quick-footed, strong-armed quarterback who can handle the intrigues of the Selmer slot I. He was superb in the last quarter against Houston. With the gauntlet thrown, he twice took the Hurricanes on drives of more than 50 yards (the first wrecked by an Anderson fumble), and in their course completed six straight passes. For the night he was 12 for 16, 137 yards, one TD and no interceptions. He was booed only occasionally.

Miami fans always boo their quarterbacks because they are not George Mira. Miami has not had a quarterback equal to Mira since Mira himself (1961-63), and the incumbent usually finds himself blamed though blameless. In Baker's case it is a tragic flaw that leads not only to booing but to inexplicable lapses of concentration that result in sudden miscues—a fumble, an indecisive play, a sack, an interception. "The pressure on Kary has been unbelievable," says Selmer. Nevertheless, Baker is still Miami's best quarterback—since Mira.

Miami football did, in fact, pass from the positive to the negative pole in those intervening years. Under Coach Andy Gustafson, Miami won often, was expected to win all the time and got booed for not doing it. Now the Hurricanes are expected to lose and get ignored for it. Until 1970, they consistently outdrew the pro Dolphins by as much as 17,000 a game. Ironically, their slide came at the same time the Dolphins hired Don Shula—terrible timing.

The Houston game drew only 15,362 and after you have said that the people got their money's worth and Selmer a victory he said was not just necessary but "imperative," you have to say it was still a small crowd. But some positive charges were certainly felt. For one, the team's remarkable poise—Baker's, most especially—in coming back when they had a chance to blow and didn't. For another, team members carried Selmer off the field on their shoulders without dropping him. And for a third, the cheering—Chinese fire drills in the streets holding up traffic—could be heard all the way down U.S. 1 to the Miami campus.

At LeJeune Road, a carload of coeds stumbled around their car a couple of times shouting "U of M!" and trying to get the hang of the drill. Asked by a delaying motorist what they were up to, a blonde in a Miami T shirt explained breathlessly that Miami had won, and they were celebrating. "We're all pretty new at this," she said. "But we'll get better."

THE WEEK

by KENT HANNON

WEST

Poor Ricky Bell Now that he doesn't have to sit on the USC bench block for Anthony Davis, people around L.A. are saying that Bell is good. He's just not as tough as O.J. Maybe not, but with 1,068 yards in six games this season, Bell is averaging 178 per game. He carried for a mere 128 in USC's 17-3 defeat of Oregon.

Chuck Muncie of California and Eddie Ayers of UCLA had big days as the Bears trounced Oregon State 31-24 and the Bruins belted Washington State 37-23. Muncie ran for three touchdowns, gained 149 yards and threw a 47-yard touchdown pass. Ayers also scored three times while Quarterback John Sciarra had 213 yards total offense.

Washington freshman Robert Gaines blocked two Stanford punts, both of which resulted in touchdowns, but the Huskies succumbed nonetheless, 24-21.

Unbeaten Arizona stormed back to beat Texas Tech 32-28, but only after heroics by Quarterback Bruce Hill and Placekicker Lee Pistor. With the Red Raiders leading 28-27, 47 seconds to play and no time-outs left, Hill marched the Wildcats 32 yards to the Tech 24 and Pistor kicked a 41-yard field goal with six seconds showing on the clock. A safety on the ensuing kickoff accounted for the Wildcats' final two points. Arizona State coasted past Colorado State 33-3.

1. USC (9-0)

2. Arizona (8-2) 3. Arizona State (8-4)

SOUTH

The Tide is rolling and everybody in the Southeast Conference now knows it as Alabama beat Tennessee 30-7, stopping tie Vols' diversified run-pass offense cold. End Leroy Cook led a savage charge that dropped the Vols' quarterbacks 10 times and held Tennessee to 12 yards rushing. Bama's Richard Todd took his team on drives of 59, 80, 80, 47 and 70 yards, and ran for three of the Tide's four touchdowns.

Florida rolled to an easy victory over Florida State 34-8, as Jimmy Drilboise picked up

continued

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294 yards on 22 attempts. Georgia crushed Vanderbilt 47-3, Auburn scored the last 21 points of the game to nip fumble-prone Georgia Tech 31-27, South Carolina squeezed by Mississippi 35-29 and Mississippi State edged North Texas State 15-12.

Maryland, defending ACC champion, won its 13th straight conference game, 27-0 over Wake Forest. But the real excitement took place in Raleigh where North Carolina State and North Carolina replayed the script from their game of three years ago this time with a different ending. In 1977, State scored a touchdown in the last 10 seconds, went for two points on orders from Coach Lou Holtz and lost the game 34-33. This year it was the Tarheels who scored with 12 seconds left to pull within a point at 21-20. Carolina went for two points on orders from Coach Bill Dooley and failed. Said Holtz, "The moral is simple. Don't go for two." Duke beat Clemson 25-21 when an 18-yard punt by the Tigers set up a 19-yard touchdown scamper by Tony Benjamin. Virginia Tech won its fourth game in a row, defeating Virginia 24-17.

1. Alabama (5-7)

2. Florida (6-6) 3. Tennessee (3-9)

EAST Romping through the mud as if he alone were on dry land, Pittsburgh's Tony Dorsett accumulated 268 yards on 21 carries and scored four touchdowns as the Panthers destroyed Army 52-20. In doing so, Dorsett surpassed the efforts of all the noted Cadet running backs who have played in Michie Stadium—Doc Blanchard & Glenn Davis, Pete Dawkins & Bob Anderson and Charlie Jarvis, whose 1968 mark of 253 yards was erased.

"We needed something to pick us up, a change-the-game play," said Joe Palermo of the fake field-goal pass that went for 30 yards and a touchdown and helped Penn State defeat Syracuse 19-7.

Tulane's unpredictable Green Wave upset West Virginia 16-14 and has now won two straight, lost two straight and won two straight. Navy entered its contest with Boston College as the nation's leading defensive team, having yielded an average of only 163 yards a game. But Boston College rolled up that many in the first half. Quarterback Mike Kruezek twice passing to Mike Godbolt for scores, and the Eagles won 17-3. Curt Edwards lugged the ball 37 times for 205 yards as Rutgers shut out William and Mary 24-0.

Brown settled for a 10-10 tie with Dart-

mouth and slipped half a game behind Harvard and Princeton in the Ivy League race. Harvard's offense continued to roll in a 34-13 defeat of Cornell. Split End Jim Curry catching nine passes for a school-record 214 yards and one touchdown. Yale ran over Columbia 34-7, Penn whipped Lafayette 13-0 and Colgate shocked Princeton with a TD and a two-point conversion in the last 14 seconds to win 22-21.

1. Penn State (6-1)

2. Pitt (5-1) 3. West Virginia (4-2)

SOUTHWEST Texas A&M won its sixth straight game, beating wireless TCU 14-6. Bubba Bean carried armloads of defenders into the end zone on his first-half touchdown runs of four and two yards.

Texas earned a share of the Southwest Conference lead by controlling Arkansas' explosive offense just long enough to win 24-18. Eight Razorback turnovers—five fumbles and three interceptions—made the Longhorns' task a lot easier. Texas Quarterback Marty Akins hit four of five passes for 74 yards and gained another 135 on the ground in 22 carries.

Rice's Tommy Kramer ran for three

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

touchdowns and passed for a fourth in the Owls' stalled Southern Methodist 28-17. The victory was the 300th in Rice's football history.

1. Texas A&M (8-0)

2. Texas (5-1) 3. Arkansas (4-2)

MIDWEST Though their campuses are 155 miles apart, Ohio State and Michigan played as if they could hear the distant rumblings from Ann Arbor and Columbus and were trying to outdo each other. When their separate slaughters were finished, the Buckeyes had rolled over Wisconsin 56-0 and the Wolverines had annihilated Northwestern 69-0.

Previously winless Purdue rallied to knock off Illinois 26-24; Michigan State beat Minnesota 38-15; and Jim Jensen's 202 yards rushing powered Iowa to a 20-10 victory over Indiana.

Oklahoma Halfback Joe Washington was ineffective against Kansas State, gaining only

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

DEFENSE: Alabama Defensive End Leroy Cook, a 6'7", 206-pound senior, made 10 solo tackles in the 30-7 victory over Tennessee, including four sacks of the quarterback for minus 36 yards. Cook also halted down a Vols pass.

OFFENSE: Showing the way through the mud at Army's Michie Stadium, Pittsburgh Junior Tony Dorsett ripped off scoring runs of 34, 66, 21 and 35 yards en route to a 268-yard afternoon and a 3,419-yard three-season total.

49 yards in 18 carries, his worst performance since he became a starter. The Sooners finally scrapped the washbone and went to the air to win 25-3 with the aid of Tony Dikrenzo's field goals of 50, 34 and 49 yards. Nebraska held off Oklahoma State 28-20 as second-string Quarterback Vince Ferragamo accounted for all four touchdowns.

Colorado scored four second-half touchdowns, two a minute apart, to beat Missouri 31-20. Halfback Laverne Smith and Quarterback Nolan Cromwell combined for 303 yards rushing as Kansas knocked off Iowa State 21-10.

Notre Dame scored twice in the last 5½ minutes to defeat Air Force 31-30, the win coming when Al Hunter ran 43 yards to the Falcon's 2 to set up Jerome Heavens' TD. Outstanding for the Falcons were Placekicker Dave Lawson (page 24) and Defensive Back Jim Miller, who intercepted three Irish passes, deflected a fourth, recovered a fumble and made seven tackles.

1. Ohio State (8-0)

2. Oklahoma (8-0) 3. Nebraska (6-0)

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The two empty stalls in Barn 2

Horse thievery, once confined to Western ranges, has broken out alarmingly—among other places in Kentucky's thoroughbred country, where two valuable yearlings were snatched

That there has been a worldwide epidemic of kidnappings, newspaper readers well know. They are probably unaware, however, that an outbreak of horsenappings has occurred as well. The news is as fresh as the snatching of Nelson Bunker Hunt's stakes-class racehorse Carnauba from the Sun Siro track in Italy three weeks ago. In August one of Italy's most valuable trotters, Wayne Eden, was stolen and presumably held for ransom. He was recovered. The supposition is that he was indeed ransomed, but the owner isn't talking. In May a 2-year-old thoroughbred was taken from a barn at the Laurel Race Course in Maryland. Ransom of \$20,000 was asked. The horse was found in a nearby swamp and a young Laurel groom, along with another teen-ager, was questioned. Last year the harness racing world was shaken when Melvin's Woe, winner of the 1973 Little Brown Jug, the foremost event for pacers, disappeared from an Ohio farm. There was a "You'll never see your horse again" threat. Melvin turned up two days later, wandering along a roadway five miles from the farm.

But perhaps the most troubling case of all is the disappearance of two fine young future racehorses from a barn at Keeneland one Sunday morning last month just before they were to be auctioned in the yearling sales. The theft occurred between 12:15 and 3:45 a.m. The horses were safely in their stalls on opposite sides of Barn 2 when the water buckets were refilled at midnight. At daybreak the stalls were empty.

The theft, first at Keeneland in 31 years, has left trainers perplexed, law officials puzzled and farm owners worried. It has also called attention, again, to the industry's need for better security in the stable area and improved methods of

identifying the 28,000 thoroughbred foals being produced annually.

"Crazy. None of it makes sense. Dick Francis wouldn't dare write a mystery like this," says Charlie Boone, the consignor of one of the missing yearlings, a chestnut colt sired by the 1970 Preakness winner Personality. "First I was mad. Now I'm curious. Who got him? Why? And just what do they intend to do with him? They obviously think they can get away with running him under another horse's name next year, as a 2-year-old. I don't think they can. Not this one. Not with all the white markings. The other horse, though, I think they can."

Bob Stitz, the owner of "the other horse," shares Boone's opinion. "Unfortunately, my Bagdad colt was an ideal

prospect for whoever took him," Stitz says. "He had no white at all. He was a straight bay, with no distinguishing marks except an indentation under his chin. He was kicked as a foal, before weaning time, by his momma. There was a bruise, the blood collected there, and when it was lanced it caused an indentation, but it's not readily apparent in a photograph or by casually looking at him."

Stitz' yearling was one of the sale's better prospects. Several owners and trainers came to Barn 2 on the Saturday before the theft to inspect the colt. More came on Sunday—too late. Bagdad, the sire, had been represented by stakes winners on both coasts in recent weeks. The dam was a young stakes winner, as

continued

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HORSE RACING continued

was the dam of the Personality colt.

"I think somebody viewed our colt, looked him over pretty good, and liked what he saw—especially the lack of markings on the straight bay," Stitz suggests. "There is a big parking lot out there, across the access road which runs right next to Barn 2. My supposition would be that they tranquilized both colts, led them out to the back of the big parking lot where vans are almost always parked, loaded them and took off."

Both yearlings were comparatively docile, almost shy, animals. Each had made but one van trip, the one from the farm to the sale. The Personality colt had gone up and down the loading ramp nicely, but it took four men to get the Bagdad colt into Stitz' Crescent Hill Farm van.

"No one person did this," Boone says. "They had to get the horses, then tranquilize them by using a needle and a syringe to shoot the tranquilizer into the vein. If they did it right the yearlings could have been ready to be handled in 10 minutes. They'd have raised hell in the middle of the night had anyone tried to walk them away from there. They were green. And there were people in each tack room at the end of the barn."

There are trainers at Keeneland who believe the thieves had inside help. "Certainly it was premeditated," says Stitz. "You don't do this to get a pleasure horse. You don't go to all this trouble if you don't intend to run these colts somewhere."

The thieves almost certainly were professional horsemen who took advantage of a Keeneland tradition. Lexington is the home grounds of America's horse-breeding Establishment, and the Keeneland Association keeps the track open to the public. By stealing from Stitz the thieves were picking on bloodstock owned by the vice-chairman of the Kentucky State Racing Commission and president of the Bank of Commerce in Lexington. The Association has put up a \$10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the thieves.

"Frankly," says Ted Bassett, Keeneland's president, "we have been surprised that we haven't received some sort of inquiry from the thieves about attempting to ransom these horses. We've had a number of leads—letters, tele-

continued

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Can you spot the



BUICK REGAL. If you picked the dark green car in the background, you're right. It's a 1953 Buick Roadmaster, portholes and all.

If you picked the rakish, low-slung one in the foreground, you'd be right again. It's a Buick, too. A 1976 Buick Regal Coupe. The only mid-size American car powered by a V-6 engine. And a Buick V-6 at that.

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Buick in this picture?



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phone calls, that sort of thing—sparked by the reward notice."

"All our continental offices have the theft information," says FBI agent John F. McCauley. "We're involved under interstate transportation of stolen property. The value has to be \$5,000 minimum. These two horses are worth about \$50,000, I'm told."

The Personality yearling might have attracted a bid of \$60,000 to \$70,000 at Keeneland's select summer sale had he not been kicked in the knee last year, the kick leaving an unsightly blemish. "I still have the X rays of the knee, if anybody wants them," says Boone. "They can identify him that way, after they've found him." There are more conventional ways.

"I took the markings on this colt for his foal registration application," Boone adds. "He's a chestnut with an irregular star on his forehead, a stripe starting in the center of his face that narrows and becomes flesh-colored, ending between his nostrils. There are two diagonal cowlicks in the star. The left hind pastern has white on the inside, lower in front. There's white on the inside of the heel, chestnut spots on the coronet, in white. The right hind coronet has white, on the inside, ending on the pastern. There's a chestnut spot in the white. There's also a cowlick at the crest of the neck right side, and a cowlick on the left side behind the poll. That's unusual. Usually they're matching."

A Leonardo would be needed to transform such a horse. Freeze-branding makes it possible to permanently change bay, chestnut, black or brown hairs into white, but natural white markings are virtually impossible to alter.

"That's why I don't know why they'd take him," Boone says. "I even heard one far-fetched idea that they could keep the horse and register him as a foal of this year, duplicating the exact markings. They'd pretend he was not a yearling now, but a weanling. Then they'd keep him and run him as a 3-year-old against 2-year-olds in 1976. They could do that if somebody didn't check his teeth, which I doubt if any horse identifier would do. It would be mighty unusual if they did, believe me."

Indeed, at most tracks identifying is a grossly underrated job often delegated to the lowliest of officials. Lip tattoos continue to be the prime means of identi-

continued

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HORSE RACING *continued*

fying a horse even though not all tracks require them, they wear off, and they can be changed.

Further research is needed before blood typing can be developed into the most certain means of precise horse identification. Night eyes, or chestnuts—the irregularly shaped rough patches on the inside of each leg—provide a good check, but only in New York has such a system been highly developed. The cost of a suitable camera and attachments, plus the team of professionals necessary to obtain uniform photographs, is considered prohibitive in other areas.

Finally, there are the whorls, or cowlicks. They are natural markings, not artificial, and can be classified into three main types: 1) emerging clockwise or counterclockwise, 2) upward or downward, and 3) with or without a tuft.

In France, approved veterinarians take the initial markings of the suckling still running with its dam. As a yearling, it is checked again, and a final inspection is made before the horse is raced.

The Jockey Club has asked that whorl markings be noted on American foal registration applications this year for the first time. But one of every four U.S. horse identifications made by breeders on the farms is changed by the time the horse races, because of inaccuracies. Obviously a substantially better identification system is needed.

If horse substituting is as easy as the Keeneland thieves apparently believe, the nation's breeding farms could soon be confronted with a problem more pressing than the development of the next six-figure sales yearling.

"Nobody can control his farm," Boone admits. "Most of the big ones have night watchmen who go around at various intervals. The smaller ones don't. For example, I have four dogs. If someone comes in either driveway they raise Cain. But you can go out to the back of most farms, knock a fence down and lead a horse right through. It's easy. And I doubt if anybody would ever catch you. That's why I don't think I'm about to get this one back. In quarter-horse racing there's a lot of high-stake, man-to-man bets. 'My horse can beat your horse,' that sort of thing, up to \$10,000. Maybe that's where these yearlings are. I haven't any idea, I don't think anyone has."

END

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Jimbo does his bit for Uncle Sam

Playing Davis Cup at long last, Connors helps topple Venezuela

America's longest-running tragicomedy, *Waiting for Jimbo*, came to a breathtaking conclusion in a Davis Cup match in Tucson last weekend when a Venezuelan named Humphrey Hubert Hose struck two serves that appeared to have been unloaded from a Gatling gun past an American named James Scott Connors.

Connors looked puzzled, then retreat-

ed to the back fence, wagged a finger, shook his Raggedy Andy locks and did a tiny jig. Eighty billion controversy fans, not to mention a few USTA officials sweltering nearby in their blazers and button-downs, breathed a sigh of relief. For it was indeed true: Old Blue Mouth was back and the Davis Cup had a new life for the U.S.

If it seemed unlikely that Connors of Belleville, Ill., the Los Angeles freeways, Caesars Palace, Chris Evert's heart, Manuel Orantes' palm and Paul Anka's vocal studios would make his first Davis Cup appearance on a turquoise-colored court in the middle of the burning desert battling against Venezuela, it really wasn't. Where else should a legendary patriot show up but in the land of Barry Goldwater? And what other match should a nervous rookie be thrown into but one against the 6'4" Hose, the best player ever to come off the island of Curaçao?

All week Connors had admitted to a "special feeling" about Davis Cup play, but he didn't seem able to make up his mind just what the feeling was. One day he would say something like "It's great to be playing for 210 million Americans

instead of just Jimmy Connors." Another day it was "super to be here with these guys helping each other in a team atmosphere." Finally, his debut as this country's cup savior was "no bigger than the finals of Wimbledon and Forest Hills or the first round of the Belleville Open, they're all big."

The sum total of these thoughtful pronouncements went a long way toward reassuring everybody that our Jimbo was indeed experiencing the strange and wondrous vibrations that evidently come over tennis players when they represent their country.

The atmosphere, the very aura of the event was exactly what cup adherents had been telling Connors he was missing since he left the team in 1972 (without playing any matches) because of differences with then-Captain Dennis Ralston. So it must have been satisfying even to old cup hands to see so tough a competitor as Connors consumed by butterflies as he opposed Hose in the second match of what was to become a U.S. rout of Venezuela.

Hose won love games the first two times he got his huge hands on serve and, in between, he took Connors to four break points before the shaky American finally held his own serve. Burly and unorthodox, Hose was batting his forehand with the grace of a bear falling off a log, but his service arrived like a tumbling redwood. With a combination of these serves, some slow, looping backhands, drop shots off his toes, net-cord winners and even one carry shot that officials failed to call, Hose broke Connors, held his own serve and, leading 4-1, came to two more break points in the sixth game for a possible 5-1 lead. On the first he rifled a forehand passing shot down the line that was barely out. On the second he set up Connors perfectly with soft stuff to the baseline only to rush net and miss an easy backhand volley. A wry grin crossed Hose's face, undoubtedly because he knew the spell was broken.

Connors, hitting strongly and with confidence now, won the game and ran out the match 6-4, 6-1, 6-3, literally beating the pants off his opponent. After the first set the popular Hose split his shorts and had to retire to the locker room for a change.

In the normal course of events, a Du-

rockboard



COACH TRABERT EVEN MANAGED TO TALK CONNORS INTO CLEANING UP HIS ACT

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vis Cup second-round American zone match would have drawn only the occasional society-set groupies and a passing Gila monster to the Tucson Racquet and Swim Club. What made the event so special—and attracted sellout crowds of more than 6,000 all three days—was the magnetic presence of Connors. This and the public knowledge that in five of the last 10 years the U.S. team has gone up against enterprising Latins—who were supposed to be easy pickings—and ended up losing. Most recently, Colombia and Mexico handed the gringos their heads while Connors was off sulking and knocking over Las Vegas for a lot of ugly old money.

However, when the USTA replaced Ralston with Tony Trabert—a move subtly dictated if not outright demanded by Connors and his managerial Svengali, Bill Riordan—the prodigal son agreed to participate in 1976 cup play. It should be pointed out now that 1976 Davis Cup play begins a good three months before the conclusion of 1975 play in which Sweden will meet Czechoslovakia in the December finals.

Trabert's appearance with the Davis Cup team was a true homecoming. With Vic Seixas, he had been the mainstay of the U.S. in the early '50s. In a five-year period Trabert compiled an undefeated record in zone play, though he was on only one team that won the cup. He was a logical choice for captain when the USTA was throwing out the names of every Connors-approved human they could think of from Riordan to Pancho Segura.

In Tucson, Trabert was fortified by the presence of two of his camp counselors, a business partner, his sister-in-law, his mother, his wife Emeryl and their dog Little Stuff. There was no denying the emotion of the occasion. Walking from his *conito* to the courts for the first match on Friday, Trabert told his family he was dedicating the team's 1976 effort to the memory of his brother, who died in a plane crash last year. Tears streamed down Trabert's face. "I'm not ashamed," he said. "This is one of my proudest moments, like making the Hall of Fame."

Later Trabert laughed off any nervousness, but Connors said, "Don't let him kid you. Coach was really twitchin'."

Rumors of discord between Trabert and Connors were easily put to rest by

continued



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A sound level meter took comparative decibel readings inside the Granada, Seville and Mercedes at 55 mph



Test compares between the new Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280—conducted at different speeds over a variety of road surfaces

Can a 1976 Ford Granada match the smoothness and quiet of Cadillac and Mercedes...with a sticker price under \$4,000?

It is obvious enough to most that Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280 bear a strong resemblance in size and shape. But can a car sticker priced under \$4,000 offer aspects of smoothness and quiet found in \$12,000 cars?

A series of interior sound level and riding comfort tests were recently conducted, and some surprising answers emerged.

Test 1: Riding comfort

In the riding comfort tests, the vibration levels of a new Granada, Seville and Mercedes 280 were measured over var-

ious road surfaces and speed conditions. In one of these tests the three cars were driven over a simulated rough road of irregularly spaced boards. (Above right)

A sensitive electronic vibration recorder was used to plot each car's vibration levels at speeds of 20, 30 and 40 miles per hour. In all the various tests Granada consistently ranked first or second.

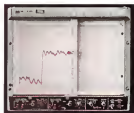
Test 2: Interior noise

In one of the interior noise level tests the three cars were driven over a smooth, measured road surface at about 55 mph.

A sound meter recorded decibel levels on the dBA scale inside each car. The results are reproduced in the chart below. All rode quietly. In all the tests, at varying speeds and road surfaces, the Granada actually rode a bit quieter than the Mercedes. Seville was slightly quieter.

Sound level in decibels at 55 mph.

CADILLAC SEVILLE	660
FORD GRANADA	675
MERCEDES-BENZ 280	685



Vibration recorder used in riding tests



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TENNIS continued

the obviously easy camaraderie between the two. During practice Trabert would make suggestions on shot strategy and Connors would acquiesce. The captain even had the temerity to confront Connors about his famous language and curious finger motions on the court. "I did it quietly," Trabert joked. But Connors was the model of decorum against Venezuela.

"If I mess around when it's just me and lose, then it's just me who lost," Connors said. "But here it's not just me. I'm not going to take any chances of letting down Roscoe and the rest. One person can't win the Davis Cup."

After all his inflammatory lawsuits and reputation as a loner, Connors' legitimate concern was how his teammates would react to him. Room assignments—a key in this regard—were taken care of by the marital makeup of the team. Roscoe Tanner and the doubles pair of Erik van Dillen and Dick Stockton were with their wives. That left Connors to share a *casa* with Vitas Gerulaitis and Billy Martin, and Trabert to watch closely how everyone got along.

"I hoped team spirit would build a close personal relationship," said Trabert. "I think it has."

The 24-year-old van Dillen has been playing Davis Cup since he was in swaddling clothes, and he was a rival of Connors when both were juniors and van Dillen was beating everybody on the way to the major championships Connors wound up winning. The two also have been separated over the years by the bitter machinations of their respective managers, Riordan and Donald Dell. But van Dillen was loudest of all in praise of his new teammate.

"Whatever you write about Jimmy here, write something good," he said. "He's really made an effort and worked his tail off. I think he has learned, just as in business when you can't work a guy over then expect him to have lunch with you, a tennis player can't be an ass on court and a pal off."

"Segura once told me Jimmy hated me," van Dillen went on, "but I didn't really know the kid. I'd see him at tournaments and say, 'Hi, good win' or something. Now I won't hesitate to ask him to lunch or to go out on the town at night. That's what Davis Cup competition does to us guys."

In a dramatic change from the regime

of the intense Ralston, Trabert ran a thoroughly casual camp. Once, spotting the U.S. team playing touch football (in past years, a no-no), Trabert inquired when somebody was going to "run a stop-and-go pattern." He also kept reminding everyone about "a 4 a.m. curfew for the boys in blue."

"I think Tony realized we've done enough on our own that he couldn't come in here and teach us how to win the Davis Cup," said Tanner. "He knows this is our team as much as his."

Venezuela, the first hurdle to the cup, turned out to be a fascinating conglomeration. There was the Curaçaoan, Hose, whose name is pronounced like the Spanish José ("In Venezuela, though, it is Hose just like a water hose because if it was José, they think my name backwards, José Humphrey," he tried to explain). There was Jorge Andrew, Hose's former teammate at Corpus Christi College in Texas; blond Freddy Winkleman, a senior at Maryland; and Captain Angel Gracia, a veterinarian who participated in the first transplant of a cornea from dog to man.

Gracia was asked what kind of dog it was, Seeing Eye?

"No," he said, "was mixer dog."

"Of course," said a journalist. "Was Seeing Eye man?"

The Venezuelan captain expressed confidence his team would handle the U.S. because, as he put it, "The balls are round, and Connors, in big ones, had pathological tensions."

"You know something?" said Riordan. "I think he's right."

After Tanner bombarded Andrew with his southpaw ballistic missiles, 6-4, 6-3, 6-2 ("I don't see none of those serves few times," said the Venezuelan), Connors polished off Hose and declared, "I'm taking the game more seriously. I don't care about being the best in 1975. I want to be the best ever. It is important to me to be a legend by the time I'm 30."

The next day van Dillen and Stockton defeated Hose and Andrew 6-2, 6-2, 7-5 in 80 minutes to wrap up the win for the U.S. and start the team packing—probably to head for Mexico City and a revenge match in either December or January.

By that time Connors still won't be 30, but Americans should be resting more easily anyway. A brand new legend is going after the old Davis Cup.

END

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From the staid *New York Times* to those pulp magazines whose covers portray Hitler's lust-mad waitresses attacking a British submarine with chains, the ads in the back pages call out to the leasurably dreamer of self-improvement. It is a magic world—guns that shoot coins

into toll booths, pet doors, hams and grapefruit from Virginia and Florida, toilet seats with real money embedded in plastic, Apollo 14 wind-up shavers, director's chairs with personalized messages, squirrel-proof bird feeders, lifetime handkerchiefs, "Learn To Write Short Paragraphs For Big Money."

These ads in the back were a test track for dating fantasies in adolescence: satin sheets, spicy movies, hidden support for cocktail dresses, erotic bar tools, Arabian Nights underwear. And as enterprising youngsters, many kids sold salve and Christmas cards from ads in comic books to win BB guns, bikes and portable radios. The habit of scanning these ads does

not desert one in adulthood, and for the sportsman these pages hold a world of promise.

From those after-dinner speeches by athletes at father-and-son nights, to the biographies of superstars, we are told constantly of the virtues of hard work and practice. Great feats can be achieved by perseverance and sweat and tears and faith. But the message gets confusing as we grow up and are told in the media that self-improvement can be purchased. From the \$200-a-day tennis clinic in the Southwest where you can improve your backhand and dabble in Oriental philosophy, to the duffer's lesson at a public course, where for \$10 the hung-over pro taps the toes of slicers back an inch with his putter, to ads like "An Expert Answers Your Questions About Muscles," we are ready to reach for our checkbook to achieve a better game, a better body and a better life.

Although we know that graphite shafts will add 20 yards to our drives, and a tungsten racket will deliver unanswerable, burning serves, there are more astounding and less expensive helpers waiting in the back pages.

These ads are based without exception on a pair of principles that appeal to the psyches of most of us: revenge and secrecy. One of the standard characters of magazine advertising was the 97-pound weakling who became Charles Atlas. For decades that living spindle was insulted and assaulted by a block-square bully who made him look foolish in the eyes of his date. He took a body-building course and reappeared at the beach, rippling with muscle. The bully was summarily crushed, and the dewy-eyed girl swooned with love.

Although the products and techniques of self-improvement have changed, the approach remains the same. You've been beaten, bested and embarrassed. Here's something you can do about it. Just take

continued



this course, lift this weight, swing this practice club, and gangbusters! The next time you play golf with Jerry, he'll lose his mind over your 300-yard power drive learned secretly in the basement. No need to have someone laugh at you out there on the course, you can do this privately, the machine arriving by mail in a plain brown wrapper.

To discover this lusty and often seamy world, I ordered a variety of devices, machines and what is called "literature." If I didn't exactly come to self-improvement, I certainly achieved self-discovery.

Obviously, the first thing necessary was to get in shape. As a fat kid in junior high school, I used to dream of sweeping into the locker room, removing my extra suit of flesh as if it were a movie costume, revealing my washboard stomach and bulging shoulder muscles. Then I'd mop the floor with those wily-row idiots who'd poked fun at my flab.

One day recently, waiting to check out at the supermarket, I found an ad in a homemaker's magazine that promised this new life. **CRASH DIET ONLY \$1. LEARN THE SECRET OF HOW THEY DIET ON TV. LOSE 5 POUNDS OVERNIGHT.** For a dollar I'd be a new "me," the ad promised, and I'd always wondered how "they" dieted on TV, perhaps losing weight even as you watched them.

The ad showed a photo of a girl who must have been a barmaid in the Midwest in 1959. She was slim, of course, and wore what looked to be a roller-skating outfit, with short skirt and knee-high leather boots. The boots are mandatory in back-pages advertising, unless the young woman is wearing a bikini, which occurs often. The ads are awesome if the girl wears both a bikini and knee-high boots. Those ads usually call for more than a dollar.

Within a week I received a booklet containing my secret crash diet. "No-pill, no-exercise, one-day reducing formula. Wake up—and you have lost 5 pounds." The diet consisted of eight ounces of cottage cheese and black coffee (no sugar). Breakfast, lunch and dinner were the same. Before retiring I was to drink eight ounces of prune juice. "That's all there is to it!"

I did lose five pounds. Lying in bed on the third day, recovering from the effects, I had lots of time to look through the booklet that accompanied the diet.

In addition to the two-paragraph crash diet, there were tables of sample menus for later on. But most of the booklet consisted of ads for other products. The basis of nearly all mail-order business is the step-up technique, in which the product ordered, often at amazing savings, is merely a come-on for other, more expensive items. The centerfold of my diet booklet, for instance, was an ad headlined "How To Turn Up Your Digestive Furnace And Burn Flab Right Off Your Body!" This time the price was \$5.98, for a book by a doctor ("medical ethics forbid that we reveal his name") And rightly so, since he probably advocated the use of a blowtorch. The booklet also contained ads for such curious things as a "How To Pray And Grow Rich" manual, blemish cream, black-head removers, sauna suits, wasteline trimmers and "Miracle Bullets" (a vitamin-mineral tablet with "royal jelly"). The idea was that after you'd lost five pounds overnight from the prune juice, you'd be ready for more sophisticated products to produce that "lovelier and healthier you."

Answering an ad in the back of a popular monthly, I received a booklet, "500 Money-making Mail Order Ideas," which turned out to be useless unless you ordered a further book, "How Mail Order Fortunes Are Made"; and one of the techniques explained in the latter was the step-up, or come-on. At any rate, I was recovering nicely from my diet and had only a few bad moments when I remembered an instruction from the booklet under the heading "Eat More Slowly!" The booklet suggested that I get a mirror and a clock and watch myself eat, while timing the performance. The thought of watching prune juice and coffee and cottage cheese in one's own mouth, while the clock ticks away, still produces shudders.

But undeterred, I leafed through one of those men's adventure magazines that have articles like "How To Get Big Buss With Handguns," and "I Was Attacked By Killer Boes And Lived!" I found an ad that would surely improve my body, get me in shape and recharge my spirit. It showed Mazola-sheened bodies of musclemen, their veins like blue tunnels, their waists slim as buhies' wrists, their shoulders bigger than VW bumpers. "Our files show that thousands of read-

ers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real power like their favorite athletic champions." You bet, that's more like it, I thought.

A British weight-lifting champion answered my questions about how to build big muscles:

Q: What does it take to build large muscles?

A: Basically, it takes exercise.

Q: Isn't there an easier way?

A: Yes.

Q: What's that?

A: Bullworker . . . a revolutionary new muscle-building exerciser based upon isometrics . . . four times faster than conventional methods. . . . Many leading athletes use it, world-famous heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali, world heavyweight judo champion Wim Ruska and cycling champion Eddy Merckx, to name only a few.

How could I pass up the device? I sent in the coupon, "no obligation," for more information on Bullworker. In a few days I received a heavy manila envelope stuffed with "literature" about Bullworker and related muscle and power mechanisms. The main pamphlet pictured a young no-nonsense-type executive pointing at me. You could tell he was vice-presidential material from the fact that he wore French cuffs. The balloon by his mouth said, "I challenge you. . . ." If I just got down to business with Bullworker, I'd feel "spry," "fit for work," able to "compete with younger men." But he didn't say for what.

The packet also included flyers for such products as The Karatok Gripper, which would give me hands as powerful as "tiger's claws." This ad showed a young man using The Karatok Gripper, a device that looked like a basketball rim, with springs attached to finger holes, so that tension was put on the springs when flexing the hand. Not only did the guy have his shirt off, an apparent necessity when exercising the fingers, but he had the longest sideburns outside of Nashville. There was also an ad for Torsoform, by means of which women can attain higher busts, slimmer hips and flatter tummies. The ads never suggested that a woman might want to use The Karatok Gripper in preparation for political campaigns and handshaking, which I found outright chauvinistic.

As I read through the various pieces of mail, getting up my nerve to order Bullworker, a phone call came from the company. It was concerned about the slow mails and just knew I'd want Bullworker as soon as I could get my weak arms on it. Would I like one sent? Apparently the company didn't trust the guy with the French cuffs or the guy with the sideburns to spur me to action.

Bullworker turned out to be a visual disappointment. With a name like that, I had expected something of epic proportions. Bullworker looked like a telescoping closet rod with a rubber hand grip on each end. Inside Bullworker is a powerful spring. The idea is to compress Bullworker, putting tension on various muscle groups. In short, it was a device for isometric exercises. Running parallel to the main shaft were two plastic-coated cables for pulling.

The Bullworker ads had made much of the amazing built-in "powermeter," which turned out to be a sliding plastic disc moving along a graduated scale on the tube, thereby showing how far you had compressed Bullworker. Sales must be good in Europe, for the German equivalent of "powermeter," *Kraftaufwand*, was also printed on the rod, and Britons must be building massive pecs, for the word "Musculometre" also appeared. Truly an international product.

Bullworker came with a surprisingly elegant brochure. And when the ball arrived several weeks later, I remembered why. Bullworker costs \$41.50.

The brochure included detailed medical drawings of muscle structures, the muscles shown in frog green; testimonials by British and German physicians about strength, health and diet; and, of course, an overkill of oil, muscle and exertion. "For only 70 seconds a day" I did the first seven of 24 illustrated Bullworker exercises, pushing in, holding my breath and counting to seven slowly. A wall chart was included, showing a genial giant pushing and pulling at Bullworker as if it were a minibike shock absorber. On a wall chart I was to mark down the improvement in the size of my muscles, the slowness of my waist and the increasing powermeter recordings.

I became hopelessly depressed while taking the starting measurements, however, and soon Bullworker did not get used for even the minimal 70 seconds dai-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY SANDY HUFBAUER

ly. I also began to feel sheepish with 24 pictures of this greased man on my wall. My wife kept saying, "I hope you won't look like *that* next month."

There are seemingly endless items and methods for improving not only waistlines and muscles but golf, tennis, skeet, swimming, almost any sport. Some are "cheaters" like golf distance estimators, which are adapted from nautical triangulation devices and when used properly will give you the distance from ball to pin within a few inches. Others, such as those mechanical cannons that shoot tennis balls at you for practice, are too expensive to be considered by any but the wildly rich and fanatical amateur sportsman. But I desperately needed to improve my golf game, for my handicap was threatening to approach my cholesterol level.

In the back pages there are ads for putting devices for the office, backyard greens, electronic beepers for checking a rampant hook. One of the most intriguing was a device called Auto Shag. The Auto Shag ad promised that this simple and, a portable driving range costing just \$10, could be used in the privacy of the backyard. It was supposed to be an improvement over the old-fashioned driving net, which catches the ball. It would, I was assured, correct a slice or hook and

would allow me to stand at the tee and practice for hours without moving because the golf ball would "walk" back to me.

Auto Shag turned out to be a golf ball attached to a piece of elastic. The other end of the elastic was fastened to a long spike. The idea was to plant the spike in the ground some 10 feet ahead of the tee, thus putting the end of the elastic midway between you and the end of the teether. When you hit the ball, it flies out to the end of the elastic, the ball supposedly returning to "within easy reach of your club" by bouncing along the ground. But a well-hit golf ball on an elastic shock cord could easily return into your teeth, I reasoned. So I invited my dentist, a furious duffer and inveterate back-pager, to try it with me. He arrived wearing wristbands with heavy steel balls dangling from them. "For extra wrist strength," he explained, he had ordered them from the back pages of a prominent golf magazine.

Auto Shag worked. Just as the instructions suggested, the ball did indeed bounce back to you. But the problem was in the imagination, not the mechanism. What Auto Shag couldn't deliver was the psychological release of seeing a golf ball fly to its target. There was no release of aggression with Auto Shag. The ball

continued

came bouncing back as if it were a friendly sheepdog instead of an element of a serious sport.

A few hours with Auto Shag made me feel like Sisyphus, rolling the rock to the top of the hill only to have it roll back down again. And then a certain crazed paranoia set in: How would I ever get rid of Auto Shag? Maybe it would follow me inside for dinner, bounce after my car in the morning, and at work I'd find myself telling the secretaries, "Oh, that's just my golf ball."

With my golf game somewhat in hand, I next tried tennis. There, too, my game needed vast improvement, and I suspected that there must be a device to do the job. It wasn't long before I found Swinger. Like Auto Shag, Swinger promised to improve my tennis game in secret.

Swinger cost \$22.95, and its ad, like others, proclaimed, "This is not a toy." Actually, it was a tennis racket handle that clicked. Where the head of the racket would normally begin there was a large rubber plug. Inside was a mechanism that made Swinger emit a click when swung at hitting speed and another click at the end of the swing. Swinger was adjustable. The idea, according to the directions, was to thread an old tennis ball on a long string and attach the ends to the ceiling and floor, with the ball at waist level. Then you were to stand there, pretending that the clothesline was a net, that Swinger was a real racket and the old ball a real ball, and pretend that a pretend opponent had just hit the ball to you. Then

you cut in with your pretend swing—and **CLICK!**

The basic problem with Swinger was that the pretending was in every case more interesting and fun than improving one's game. I rarely missed an afternoon with Swinger, although my interest in real tennis waned considerably. I would dress up in court clothes and huff down to the basement, a towel around my neck for the imaginary sweat I'd work up. Then I'd lash away with Swinger, clicking against great opponents like Laver (whom I beat once on a lucky lob shot), Ashe and Connors. I played a lot of mixed celebrity doubles there in the basement, which became a damp and dark Las Vegas for an inveterate dreamer.

Some days I'd pretend to be off my game, throwing Swinger to the court, pouting and losing. The next day I'd jump my clothesline net and kiss Billie Jean, whom I had just beaten in revenge for Bobby Riggs. "What are you doing down there, Dad?" asked my 4-year-old daughter sitting on the steps.

"Ah, practicing tennis," I told her. "When you're done, come up and play dollhouse with me if you want." Caught and shamed. She'd figured out that I was just a giant 4-year-old. In any event, I've given up tennis entirely now and play a game called Swinger, which I heartily recommend to the crazy.

I was also concerned about self-defense. As my games improved secretly and I became, at least for a week, more powerful with Bullworker and more slim

with the maddening crash diet, jealous men everywhere would surely rise up against me, waiting outside of restaurants with tire irons, ready to ruin me for good.

So I answered a full-page ad in the back of a self-defense magazine: **I'LL MAKE YOU AN EXPERT IN NUNCHAKU!** *Genushheit*, I thought. But Nunchaku is a form of karate that employs "deadly Okinawan fighting sticks." The ad pictured a pair of very hairy comic-book-style hands holding two sticks connected by a rope. Like a garrote, only more complicated. The jealous assailants would be dealt with in parking lots across America if I could only get my Nunchaku sticks in time. The text of the ad was a novelle and worth the reading. Part of it went like this: "This Oriental art of Kobujitsu—weapon fighting that is applied with minimum use of your limbs or body—enables you to disable an attacker from several feet away BEFORE he can bat an eyelash! Fast as lightning! The Okinawan method of offensive defense, 470 years old, has been preserved within the ancient Tokugawa Era. Until recently only third degree black belts were permitted to learn this ancient Kobujitsu weapon . . . taught in strict secrecy. Now these devastating methods requiring no physical strength, no bodily contact and a minimum of physical exertion, no application of hands or feet—are revealed to you regardless of your past experience or your lack of experience in the Martial Arts by Dr. Andrew S. Linick, Nunchaku Master, who has broken away from his Oriental tradition of 'secrecy' to teach YOU—AT HIS OWN RISK!"

I sent \$14.98 immediately for the secret instructions and fighting sticks. I watched *Kung Fu* on TV a lot and practiced karate yells, often taking paralyzing chops at the musclemen on the Bullworker poster. I waited and waited, but the fighting sticks didn't arrive. When I sent in the coupon I'd had to sign my name, promising never to reveal to another soul what Dr. Andrew S. Linick had taught me, or to use the sticks in any way except for self-defense. I began to think Dr. Linick didn't believe me, although I was very sincere. Or perhaps Dr. Linick was discovered passing out the secrets by his Oriental masters and done in secretly at his address in Middle Island, N.Y. But just a few weeks after Nunchaku sticks

continued



We built this Omega Brougham for Julie Severs, who thought no compact could be comfortable enough for her twice-daily, 45-minute commute.



Julie drives to work, and she likes to be comfortable while she does. She also likes to conserve gas. Now she has a car that lets her do both.

We built Omega Brougham to be the most luxurious compact ever. We gave it deluxe trim on the seats and the doors. And luxury touches you wouldn't expect—like a deluxe steering wheel and a stand-up hood ornament. They're little things that help make it a good feeling to have an Olds around you.

(As for its gas mileage, your Olds dealer has EPA test results for all engines and transmissions available.)

A good-looking compact she can have with a smart Landau roof, luxury touches, and Olds dependability—now that's Julie's idea of a compact built just for her.



1976 OMEGA BROUGHAM

Oldsmobile

Can we build one for you?

TREAT YOUR FEET!

Why not treat your feet like Dr. J. Mack Calin and Artis Gilmore do? More pro basketball players depend on the lightness, comfort, performance and protection of adidas—over all other brands combined! Let adidas treat your feet!



adidas 

LIFE

—continued—

were outlawed in my state, Massachusetts, mine arrived from Dr. Linick. Duffily, I turned in my sticks at the local police department. But I now carry a copy of the ad around with me for self-defense. When there is some enraged sport who can't compete with me in my improved games and threatens violence, I whip the ad out of my wallet and make him read it, intimating that I'm privy to devilish Okinawan secrets and that he'd better not mess around. I also plan to run very fast while he's absorbed in the text, indicating my reluctance to tear him limb from limb.

And suppose I did live through the trials of self-improvement—which with jealous sportsmen, bouncing golf balls, wicked isometrics and debilitating diets was turning into a dangerous enterprise—I'd certainly want something to retire to. The back pages are filled with sport and leisure schemes for moneymaking, from "You Can Live Free And Operate Your Own Motel In Your Spare Time," to the depressing "Make Money Addressing Envelopes At Home!"

In a mechanics magazine (whose feature article that month was how to make a two-man glider out of old coffee cans) I found my old-age dream. "Fishworm Culture. What, when, how to raise, feed and sell worms for big profits." Ah, a little bait shack at the end of the rainbow, suspenders holding up my pants, rowboats for hire, it won't rain today. It seemed a lovely way to spend the waning years. It would only cost \$1 for the information.

The cover of the booklet that arrived showed a giant worm with arms, wearing a baseball cap and winking, wrestling a perch to shore, ride-'em-cowboy style. The information was hardly more illuminating. There was a lot of talk about digging worm pits in the shade, lining them with cement blocks, watering the worms down and how to feed them. Worms apparently think they're chickens, because the booklet advised giving them "laying mash or broiler chow." As for selling them, the booklet said, "Ice cream cartons are best to package them in." The real thrust of the booklet, of course, was buying starter worms from the "hatchery." A price list was included. I could get 25,000 worms for a mere \$150.

Far from my golden-years dream, the

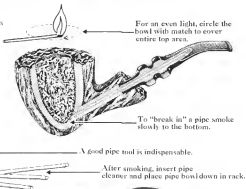
—continued—

The care and feeding of your pipe.

Apply a little T.L.C.

So you just got a new pipe! Congratulations! New pipes are like infants. Both can bring you a great deal of happiness. Both require tender, loving care.

Here are a few suggestions on how you should "baby" your new pipe. These T.L.C. steps will help you get all the pleasure you expect from smoking a pipe.



1. Before smoking your pipe for the first time, moisten a fingertip with water and rub it around the inside of the bowl. This will insulate the bowl against the heat of the first smoke. Then, be sure to use a quality tobacco. May we be so bold as to suggest Amphora?

2. To "break in" your pipe only half fill the bowl for the first few smokes. Tamp the tobacco evenly and be sure top surface of the tobacco is well lit. (See illustration above.)

3. When you pack a full bowl, press the tobacco lightly in the lower part, more firmly up on top.

4. To build an even "cake" smoke the tobacco slowly to the bottom. Occasionally tamp the ashes gently and relight immediately if light goes out.

5. A pipe should keep its cool. If yours is getting hot, set it aside, tamp the ashes and don't relight until the bowl feels comfortable in your hand.

6. When you've worked hard, you enjoy a rest. So does your clam, the pipe. Never refill a hot pipe. Let it cool and switch over to one of your other pipes. We can all use a little variety now and then.

7. When you finish a bowlful remove the ashes with your pipe tool. To absorb excess moisture insert a pipe cleaner in the shank and put your pipe to bed in a pipe rack, bowl face-down.

8. A layer of carbon will build up in the bowl of your pipe as you continue to use it. This is good as it improves the draft and provides even burning. But don't allow the carbon layer to be thicker than the thickness of a penny.

9. Build up a collection of pipes. (The right hint before your birthday, Father's Day or Christmas wouldn't hurt.) Rotate the use of your pipes, take good care of them, keep your pipes clean, and they'll return to you years of pleasure and contentment.



How to avoid tongue bite.

There are two possible reasons for tongue bite. One is excess heat in the bowl. Instead of puffing, draw slowly on your pipe, follow these nine steps and you'll go a long way toward avoiding the problem.

The second possible cause may be your tobacco. The investment in a quality tobacco will reap an excellent return in flavor and mildness. Amphora's unique Cavendish process results in a cool mildness while our top-notch taste comes through.

Millions of pipe smokers start off their pipes with Amphora. And stay with it. They made Amphora what it is today. The largest selling Cavendish pipe tobacco in the world.



Send for our FREE Brochure

Our new brochure, "A Man and His Pipe," is packed full of information designed to increase your pipe smoking pleasure. If you would like a free copy, or if you have any specific questions on pipes and pipe tobacco, drop a note to the President, Douwe Egberts, Inc., Bldg. 2, 8943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, Ca. 91311.



THE PORTABLE 35MM SLR SYSTEM THAT CAN SAVE YOU HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS

Vivitar has put it all together in one package—35mm SLR camera body, accessory lenses, tele converter, electronic flash, carrying case—at a remarkable savings. It starts with a 35mm SLR camera, the type preferred by famous photographers all over the world. And it includes the major accessories you will need to take pictures day or night, at home or on your travels. Most important, you will have all the equipment you need to produce the kind of beautiful, crisp, sharp pictures you have always admired. The Vivitar system 35 includes:

- The new Vivitar 220/SL in a professional black finish with through the lens metering and a fast Vivitar 50mm f1.8 lens
- An automatic Vivitar 135mm f2.8 accessory lens for portraits, sports and any photography where you want that larger image
- The Vivitar 2x tele converter, transforms the 50mm lens

into a 100mm and the 135mm lens into a fabulous 270mm. Helps create exciting pictures.

- The remarkably compact Vivitar 102 electronic flash. Eliminates flash bulbs forever. A special color corrected tube produces more than 10,000 flashes (up to 400+ per set of batteries).
- The tough, unique Enduro case, contoured to your body, made for the action photographer, carries the whole system for wherever the going is rough.

The name Vivitar, known to serious photographers all over the world, is your guarantee of quality. See your local Vivitar dealer for details on the remarkable savings made possible by the Vivitar System 35. Marketed in the U.S.A. by

Ponder & Best, Inc.
Corporate Offices

1630 Stewart Street, Santa Monica, CA 90406

In Canada: Precision Cameras of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.



Vivitar®

booklet was just another step-up, come on. I am still assailed by doubt and dreaming as I browse the back pages, for I have come to a certain realization about the nature of these products. We truly believe that technology will save us. We'll convert the wind and the sun to usable energy to replace oil, we'll find an alternative to the passenger car, expert technical opinions and programs will salvage the economy. And in sport, we truly believe that the answer lies in the graphite shaft, the magnesium racket, moving the bash marks in, a turbine engine.

But a lurking suspicion flares in the evening after a hard day at self-improvement. What if it doesn't work? What if the whole world comes down around our ears because we've believed too much in self-improvement and machinery? Why, then, of course, we'll just head into the hills in our machine-produced, rip-stop nylon survival gear. We're hanging on by sheer belief, and it had better work.

For us dreamers who yearn for self-improvement in sport, the back pages are a cathedral of the imagination. And the discovery to which I came after so much panic and heartbreak is that I am not the kind of person who automatically leaps from bed and does push-ups. I need machines to spur my spirit. Highly unmotivated, lazy, adamantly static, many of us need machinery to get us going, to provide the impetus to improve our games and ourselves.

We can't bear to get out and jog, so we submit to crash diets; we can't stomach raw exercise because it's too boring, so we order Bull's orker, our golf game is a disaster because we don't concentrate, and we think that Auto Shag will fix what is a defect of the brain. It's enough to make you want to can the whole thing, to wage war on Bullworkers, Mark Eden Bust Developers, yogurt-makers, weird British books on how to make yourself taller and tennis racket handles that click. And yet, there's something that draws us back to those advertisements. Why, just the other day I saw an advertisement for a device that might save my life. It's this safety belt (fits any size) for cyclists, with electric-battery-operated turn signals that flash, side lights and reflecting material. It's only \$10, and it doesn't matter that I don't own a bike. **END**

TV service technicians name Zenith for the two things you want most in color TV.

I. Best Picture.

In a recent nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was named, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

Zenith.....	38%
Brand A.....	20%
Brand B.....	10%
Brand C.....	7%
Brand D.....	6%
Brand E.....	3%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand G.....	2%
Brand H.....	2%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	3%
About Equal.....	11%
Don't Know.....	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same survey, the service technicians named Zenith as the color TV needing the fewest repairs. By more than 2-to-1 over the next brand.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith.....	38%
Brand A.....	15%
Brand C.....	5%
Brand D.....	4%
Brand B.....	3%
Brand I.....	2%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand E.....	2%
Brand G.....	1%
Brand H.....	1%
Other Brands.....	4%
About Equal.....	14%
Don't Know.....	9%

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you want details of the service technicians' survey—write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, IL 60639.

The Bordeaux, Country French style, with beautiful simulated wood finish and genuine wood veneer top. Model SG2569P. Simulated TV picture.

ZENITH 100% SOLID-STATE
CHROMACOLOR II

The quality goes in before the name goes on.



Sports Illustrated Superstar ★ Posters ★



2 FEET X 3 FEET* \$2.00 EACH

FOOTBALL

Ken Anderson 117
Ollie Anderson 111
Pete Athas 118
Robert Batish 109
Jim Benekoff 114
Fred Bilezikian 5A25
Mike Boryla 121
Terry Bradshaw 13N12
John Brockington 7N42
Larry Brown 10N43
Waymond Bryant 105
Rich Carter 119
Chuck Foreman 5N44
Roman Gabriel 5N18
Joe Greene 13N75
Bop Gross 7A12
John Hadl 113
Chris Hanburger 127
Franco Harris 13N32
Jim Hart 133
Mack Horton 117
J. D. Hill 104
Marv Hubbard 120
Gary Huff 105
Claude Humphrey 101
Harold Jackson 8N29
Charley Johnson 4A12
Don Johnson 11N30
Billy Kane 15N17
Larry Little 115
Jim Mandich 116

ARTIST MANNING 10N5

Terry Metcalf 132
Lyndell Mitchell 103
Merlin Olgin 8N74
Alan Page 9N88
Dan Pastoris 5A7
Jim Plunkett 1A16
Greg Pruitt 108
Golden Richards 118
John Rodgers 8A44
Charlie Sanders 6N88
Larry Schreiber 125
O. J. Simpson 2A36
Ken Stabler 9A12
Roger Staubach 5N12
Alto Taylor 112
Orin Taylor 6A89
Don Woods 120
John Zorn 102

BASKETBALL

Nate Archibald 1881
Rick Barry 8K502
Austin Carr 8K506
Walt Chamberlain 7B1
Phil Chenier 8K504
Dave Cowens 382
Billy Cunningham 8K507
Julius Erving 17B1
Walt Frazier 9B2
Gef Goldsch 8K501

John Haskins 3B1
Conne Hawkins 14B42
Spencer Haywood 15B24
Lou Hudson 8K508
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar 8B1
Bob Lanier 8K505
Pete Maravich 8K510
Bob McAdoo 4B1
Geoff Petrie 16B2
Charles Scott 8K512
Rudy Tomjanovich 8K505
Norm Van Lier 302
Jerry West 7B2
Sidney Wicks 16B1
Keith Wilkes 301

HOCKEY

Bobby Clarke 1H41
Phil Esposito 1H44
Tony Esposito 1H46
Bobby Orr 1H40
Bernie Parent 1H5
Brad Park 1H8
Dave Schultz 1H7

BASEBALL

Lou Brock 10N4
Jeff Burroughs 8K504
Steve Busby 8K505
Steve Carlton 8K506
Steve Garvey 8K501
Greg Gross 8K507

Raggen Jackson 9A3
George Medich 8K508
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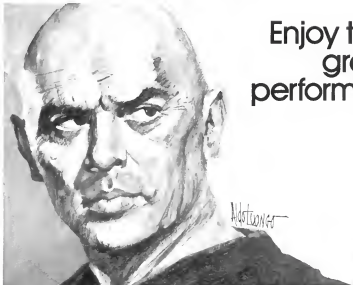
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As I See It

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

NOMEN PISQIS EST MORONE SAKATILIUS— AND IT IS BEST NOT TO ARGUE ABOUT IT

When I was a boy, it was my luck to hang out with kids who devoured *The Sporting News* and could reel off batting averages of players from the majors to the Three-I League. As an adult, it has been my lot to find myself surrounded by botanists, zoologists and knowledgeable fishermen who derive considerable delight from reciting the scientific names of plants and animals. A largemouth bass is *Micropterus salmoides*, and when a mayfly hatch is on, knowing trout anglers speak of *Ephemerella gairdneri* as readily as my childhood friends talked of Joe DiMaggio.

I guess because I have spent so much time with people who rattle off these exotic terms, many of them stuck in my mind like the names of certain TV newscasters. For years I have been trying to shake my memory free of Sander Vanocur. I haven't seen him on television for quite a long time, but his name just won't go away. It seems I am equally taken with the bilateral symmetry of Sander Vanocur and the binomial nomenclature established by an 18th century Swede, Carl von Linné, who in the spirit of things Latinized his name to Carolus Linnaeus.

The idea of using scientific names instead of common names, such as bass or mayfly, is to allow scientists anywhere in the world to identify species exactly and to place them in relationship to other forms of life. The right to name a species belongs to the person who first describes it in print. That sounds simple, but it is complicated by the fact that botany, bacteriology and zoology have separate codes for nomenclature. And in zoology there are disputes over who named what first. There is actually a periodical entitled *Opuscula and Declarationes Rendebis by the International Commission on Zoological Nomenclature*. As a kid I had no way of guessing that someday I would be more interested in it than in *The Sporting News*.

Scientific names ideally are supposed to be reasonably simple and descriptive.

The striped skunk is *Mephitis mephitis*, which means "stink stink." Some scientific names even have come to be used as common names, among them hippopotamus and chrysanthemum! But despite the strictures, there are plenty of tongue twisters, including my favorite, *Leurophthalmaecheliumgymnurae vivax*, a crustacean from Lake Baikal.

I have a friend, Dr. Dominick J. Pirone, who is the director of the environmental studies program at Manhattan College. Without using any reference books, he can identify and give the scientific names of 5,000 insects. And his expertise hardly stops there. When I first met Dom, we collected fish together. "Minidlu namidlu!" he would exclaim at the sight of a silversides. He was especially enamored of collecting near sewer outlets, and while I would gag, he would paw his way through strands of algae, giving them their Latin names as he went. Crowds would occasionally gather while Pirone was so joyously occupied, and inevitably an onlooker would step forward to ask Dom who he was and what he was doing. Dom would whip out his card, and there printed beneath his name was COLLECTOR OF WORLDWIDE ORTHOPTERA, ESPECIALLY THE PHASMATIDAE. Orthoptera is the order that includes roaches, grasshoppers, crickets and Phasmatidae, or walkingsticks, bizarre creatures that look like twigs with legs.

Dom, who is now 39, began soaking up scientific names at the age of three, under the tutelage of his Uncle Pat—Dr. P.P. Pirone, a recently retired plant pathologist at the New York Botanical Garden. Uncle Pat has a species of fungus named in his honor, and a horticulturist called a variety of cultivated tree "Pirone's ash," sudden mention of which always provokes gasps at ladies' garden clubs. There also is a worm, *Lumbricus pironei*, named in honor of the family. "Some years ago, my cousin Joe, who is now a psychology professor, and I were camping in a tent for a week near Kingston, N.Y.," says Dom. "I was collecting a subspecies of butterfly called *Lycornia pilularis americana*, the American copper. Joe was there chasing some girl. He was very sloppy—he's half Irish—and he would throw his underwear on the ground every night. When we got home, his mother dumped out his drawers to do the laundry, and there was a red, white and blue worm. His mother

got scared, and his father thought Joe had become infected with some internal parasite and shipped the worm off to Cornell in alcohol. It turned out to be a new species of earthworm, and it was named for Joe."

I am an avid striped bass fisherman, and back in the 1960s, when I was doing research for a book on the Hudson River, I was shocked to learn from Dr. C. Lavett Smith of The American Museum of Natural History that the scientific name for the striped, *Roccus saxatilis*, had just been changed to *Morone saxatilis*. I was more than shocked; I was outraged. *Roccus*, dog Latin for rocks, was an appropriate name for striped bass, which like to hang around rocks. It was one scientific name that every surf-caster knew by heart. The *Salt Water Sportsman* once ran an article with the headline WHAT MAKES ROCKS RUN, and readers instantly knew what the article was about. *Roccus* was close to becoming like hippopotamus.

Dr. Smith told me that after exhaustive research some scientists had taken striped bass out of the genus *Roccus* and put it, along with kindred fish such as the white perch, in the genus *Morone*, because that was the name originally used for those fish ages ago. Therefore, *Morone* had priority under the rules of zoological nomenclature. And, Smith went on, the change to *Morone* had already been approved by the Committee on Names of Fishes, composed of members of the American Fisheries Society and the American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists. He told me that if I wanted to protest this change I would have to write an elaborate brief for presentation to the International Commission on Zoological Nomenclature, which meets only once every five years. To put it bluntly, I didn't have a prayer. At least, I was not alone in my outrage. Susan Smith, a biologist and artist with the National Marine Fisheries Service, wrote a poem entitled *Taxonomic Tragedy*, which reads in part:

Ole, *Roccus saxatilis* is a name we'll surely miss.

The culprit is, I'm sad to say, a taxonomic twist.

Yes, *Morone*'s now the genus name I never figured why,

But when that old name *Roccus* goes I'm sure I'm going to cry.

continued



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Theo W. Brown



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AS I SEE IT continued

Whs, Roccus cracks right off the tongue!
Lake speed and strength and size!
While Morone kind of rolls around
Then gives a nigh and dies.

In my book on the Hudson, I noted that *Morone* was now the generic name, although no one knew what *Morone* meant. I received a letter from a reader, Bert Kruse of Clear Lake, Iowa, who wrote, "You stated that no one knows what *Morone* means. Webster notes it's New Latin, meaning 'type genus.'"

I seized on this and wrote to Dr. Smith: "Does this mean we still have a chance of going back to *Roccus* since *Morone* is obviously a scientific term in itself and not really a generic? After all, *Type Genus sovarius* is a bit stupid for the striped (or any fish)."

Dr. Smith replied: "In regard to this business of the derivation of *Morone*, I'm quite sure what your correspondent is referring to is the fact that *Morone* has been used as a type genus of a family of fishes, which, of course, is the *Moronidae* and which we are temporarily considering *Pereichthyidae*.

"Jordan and Evermann, who looked into such matters, said the name is unexplained, and a casual perusal through some lexicons suggests it may have come from the same Greek word as our word moron, meaning stupid or foolish. There is also a possibility it is involved in the stem of the word mulberry, which is the genus *Morus*.

"All this is academic, however, because under the International Code of Zoological Nomenclature it makes no difference what it means, and even if it meant type genus it would still be usable. Article 18 of the International Code states that 'a genus—or species-group name—once established cannot afterwards be rejected, even by its own author, because of inappropriateness.' As a matter of fact, they give the generic name of paddlefish as a horrible example—*Polyodon* means 'many teeth' and, of course, the paddlefish is toothless. So for the time being I think we're safe to stay with *Morone*."

I passed Smith's letter on to Kruse, and he replied: "I don't know about the paddlefish being a bad example because the young of *Polyodon spathula* have a great many teeth indeed and sharp ones."

Not toothless! I was speechless and let the matter rest.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 13-19

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL: The Green Bay Packers presented Bert Ryan with his first coaching victory by edging previously undefeated Dallas 15-7. Quarterback John Elway throwing a 26-yard touchdown pass to Rich McGeorge with 1:32 remaining. Ben Engvall also scored in the first half, but the Baltimore Colts, on the efforts of underbilled Andy Johnson, the former running back had more two yards to his credit when he scored the game. But he scored twice and gained 124 yards on 18 carries. Houston, against one of the third-quarter scoring of linebacker Robert Brazile for snapping Rodrique Quarterback Billy Kilmer, held him to four touchdowns and 116 yards. Los Angeles went two touchdowns and 116 yards. Los Angeles went two touchdowns and 116 yards. Los Angeles went two touchdowns and 116 yards.

GOLF—DON JANUARY defeated Larry Henson on the second hole of a sudden death playoff on his 30-15,000 San Antonio Texas Open. Both edited regulation play with 15-under-par 278 at San Antonio's Woodlake Country Club.

HOCKEY—NHL: Los Angeles skated past seven teams as newly acquired Center Mattiason scored his fourth goal of the season. Detroit's offense, Detroit led five goals in the Kings' last straight win, maintaining the record points (160) pace set in his first four NHL seasons. Undrafted Pittsburgh will lead the Norris Division. Buffalo overcame Chicago 7-1. St. Louis 3-1 and went Washington 5-4. Philadelphia scored a power play goal in the final period to tie Montreal 2-2, but the Flyers remained comfortably atop the Patrick Division. In the Smythe Division, only the leader, Chicago, registered a winning week.

WHA: When the Indianapolis Racers came to a 7-1 win in their season-opener victory over the Denver Spurs, hopes were kindled that the losing week of last season—on which the team had the worst record in the league—may be a thing of the past. Three losses the week previously marred one victory. After a 6-4 effort by the Spurs, Coach Gerry Macra was fired. The unknown Canadian winger, an 18-year-old man, showed how two stars of preparation of the ice can produce a winner, beating Cleveland, Calgary and Edmonton. The Wins is, reportedly, after having played in the league. Edmonton leads the Canadian Division. The only tie of the season came as regular Edmonton net Toronto could master a goal to break a 4-4 score in the overtime period.

HORSE RACING—HONEST PLEASURE (54-40), Bruado Baza up, won the \$49,175 Champagne Stakes by seven lengths no added company (which 2-year-old colts of the year honors. Breeding & Training's colts covered the race without any in 1:30.1).

KAMARAJAN, owned by the Aziz Nages, won the \$125,000 Prix de la Forêt for the second straight year. Ridden by Henry Sarnet, the 4-year-old colt, bred at a 12-2, bearing second-year Beau Bank by 1½ lengths and collecting \$17,238.

ROSE BOWLE, a 3-year-old filly owned by Mrs. Charles Engblom of New Jersey, beat Alex Fries by a length to win the New York Handicap at Newmarket and claim the \$75,934 prize.

MOTOR SPORTS—CALE YARBOROUGH and his Chevy took the lead near the halfway point, then held off Bobby Allison's late surge to win the \$112,700 American 500 by a length at the North Carolina Motor Speedway in Rockingham.

PAN-AMERICAN GAMES—The division of medals in the VII Pan-American Games at Mexico City (year 28) shows the U.S. leading in all departments, with 47 gold, 41 silver and 35 bronze medals. The U.S. has, having, earned 20 of its 32 gold medals from a possible 27 in weight lifting. Jimmy Carter, Olympic of Brazil broke Mexican Victor Sanchez's 1968 Olympic world record by 1.35", bounding 58'8 1/4", and also won the long jump, with a leap of 25'10 1/2". Two U.S. records were set in the 400-meter field competition. Charles Chalmers, of Jacksonville, Fla., running the 200 meters in 22.77, and Nadeyda's Tommaso Haynes, scoring a triple jump of 26' 5 1/2", in a second-place finish in the event. Renee Ray of Newport News, Va., won the silver medal in 48-45, the fastest time in the world this year. The U.S. dominated the shooting competition, bringing its own world record in the team-air pistol, breaking 391 of 400. Margaret Matheson, from the infrared, 400-meter double, setting a world record in the standing position and finishing one point shy of the U.S. record with her 116 total at total of 1,000. In the 100-meter competition, Olegario Vasquez, of Mexico, broke his own world record with a 193 of 4000 score in the middleweight division of weight lifting. 1955 again Robert Nemej made a U.S. record of 308.2 pounds.

TENNIS—The 1978 Davis Cup team blanked Venezuela 5-0 in second-round action at the Racquet Club South in Tucson, Arizona. Jimmy Conn defeated Humbly Hays 6-4, 6-3, 6-3. Jimmy Conn defeated Humbly Hays 6-4, 6-3, 6-3. Jimmy Conn defeated Humbly Hays 6-4, 6-3, 6-3.

STAN SMITH defeated fellow American Bob Lutz 7-6, 6-2 to win the \$100,000 Australian Indoor championship in Sydney. The 1978 Wimbledon champion partner was Smith's first in his first tournament since he beat Arthur Ashe in the 1973 WCT final.

SWEDEN'S BJORN BORG failed to beat Italy's Adriano Panatta 1-0, 7-6, 6-3, 6-2 in the \$175,000 Court of Godel tournament in Barcelona.

CHRIS EVERT won the Barmen tournament in Gensler, Florida, when Martina Navratilova was forced to default, complaining of burns in her left shoulder.

MILPOINTE—FIREO' Oakland A's Manager ALVIN DARK, by Owner Charles O. Finley. Fired in 1974, Dark managed the team to its third straight world championship. His one-year record, including postseason play, at the 12th A's manager since Finley bought the club in 1968 was 195-141.

CREDITS

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE FIGHT

Sir,

As a lifelong sports fan who appreciates excellent writing, I must tell you that Mark Kram's article "Laudably, Laudably, He's Great" (Oct. 13) on the Ali-Frazier fight is the finest piece of sports journalism I have ever read. I had my doubts about professional boxing's legitimacy, but from the descriptions and the atmosphere re-created and interpreted by Kram, I feel that this fight was more than just a mortality play. It is clear that something profound and intensely human went on in the Philippines that day. With the eyes of the world upon them, two men were forced to reach inside themselves while teetering on the brink of oblivion. Call it courage, stamina, adrenaline or dedication, both had it. Besides bringing out the worst in the human psyche, there are times when boxing brings out the best.

STEVEN WISENBERG

New Haven, Conn.

Sir,

It is obvious that the battle in Manila between Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali could only have been done justice by searing realism, unbearable drama and a degree of creativity rarely seen in sports journalism. Mark Kram rose to the occasion with every bit as much brilliance as Frazier and Ali did.

MARK WILLIAMS

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir,

Mark Kram's article is what SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is all about, what sports writing is all about—no, what writing is all about. He got inside both fighters and showed them as human beings rather than mere sports figures. Good writing can convey feelings and nuances better than film. This was better than film.

DONALD BIRZAK

Evansville, Ill.

Sir,

I did not see the fight, but I have read about the fierceness that pervaded each round. Neil Leifer's photographs showed the anguish of each fighter, especially of Joe Frazier.

SALVATORE SABBATO

Mansueti Park, N.Y.

Sir,

How ironic! After all of his devastating victories and his years of solid, quiet virtue, I took Joe Frazier's defeat to teach Muham-

mad Ali and the rest of the world just how great a fighter and how decent a man Frazier is. I hope that he will finally be accorded the respect that has inexplicably eluded him for so long.

MARK JURKOWITZ

Scranton, Pa.

Sir:

The big winners were boxing and sport. There were no losers.

BOB WHITERS

Champaign, Ill.

FERRARI'S TACTICS

Sir,

I attended the U.S. Grand Prix this fall as I have attended it every fall for nine years. Ferrari has always been one of my favorite teams, but in one afternoon that changed. I thought the blocking tactics employed by Ferrari's Clay Regazzoni were very unsportsmanlike and also very amateurish. Although his tactics were legal to a certain extent, when the blue flag was shown Regazzoni should have moved over. A potentially exciting race for the 100,000-plus fans was ruined. I think the whole Ferrari team, including Niki Lauda, who I am sure could win almost any race without such tactics, should have been disqualified. All in all, the fans who paid to see the professionals, and supposedly the gentlemen of motor sports were cheated.

JERRY HOLLER

Kittanning, Pa.

Sir:

Robert F. Jones' article on the U.S. Grand Prix was exceptionally good. Although popular in Europe and South America, Formula 1 racing exists in relative obscurity here in America. Consequently, it generally does not receive more than a few lines of coverage.

As to the race itself, the blocking tactics employed by the Ferrari team were not new by any means. Jack Brabham, a three-time world champion, occasionally made use of his infinitely extensible wheels. Brabham was a fine driver, but he was never excused for such actions, nor should Clay Regazzoni be excused. He effectively stifled Emerson Fittipaldi's chance for a win. Even though Regazzoni was eventually disqualified, that was a very small price to pay for his teammate's victory. Ferrari ended what would have been a brilliant season on a very unsportsmanlike note.

ROBERTO DIAS

Flushing, N.Y.

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10TH HOLE *continued*

COVER STORIES

Sir:

The notorious SI cover jinx has been holding up pretty well in recent weeks. Following you (Aug. 25 "Dreams of Glory in Green Bay" cover, the Packers went 0-4; "No. 1" Ollah was (Sept. 8) soon tell to No. 2. After the Steelers' Mean Joe Greene appeared (Sept. 22), Pittsburgh lost to Buffalo. Rick Slinger of Notre Dame grazed the Sept. 29 cover, and the Irish lost to Michigan State. And on Oct. 6 "Four world championships" in a row was your question about the Oakland A's, and three playoff losses in a row was the answer. One favor. Don't put any Chicago teams on the cover, O.K.?

CHARLES HENRICKSON

Chicago

Sir:

I didn't believe it until I saw Reggie Jackson on the cover and then the A's in the playoff obituaries.

STEPHEN GASTONGUAY

Westminster, Mass.

Sir:

The cover should have pictured the Red Sox and read "Three in a Row."

WILLIAM COOK

Minneapolis, Minn.

Sir:

I'm sure by now you've received a number of letters claiming your cover jinx has worked again. I view such claims as pure balderdash. The Red Sox were clearly the better team in the playoffs. But, please, don't let me find the Red Sox on the cover.

ROBERT A. SORESENSEN

Seattle

Sir:

I hope that Ron Farris is enjoying a nicely seasoned portion of crow.

HOWARD HOMENOFF

Framingham, Mass.

CHIMINO IN FOR BELL

Sir:

The Hensman Trophy is purportedly given to that player who has the finest performance of the year in college football. That being the case, past performance and class standing should be ignored in naming the recipient. Archie Griffin and Joe Washington have been and still are outstanding athletes, but, by the very definition of the award, the 1975 Hensman Trophy should go to Ricky Bell of USC.

MICHAEL G. HUTSKO

Seal Beach, Calif.

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